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SIXPENCE.
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MISS MAY YOHE AS AN EARLY VICTORIAN BEAUTY IN "THE BELLE OF CAIRO,"
AT THE COURT THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

All the reading world is busy just now with that fascinating boy whom his familiar friends call Sentimental Tommy. Mr. Quiller-Couch remarks, in the *Contemporary Review*, with much acuteness, that this creation of Mr. Barrie's is really a study of the artistic temperament, especially on that side which people who are possessed with the temperament in question sometimes regard with sore misgiving. I have before me another boy whose character is quite different. His name is Dickey—Dickey Perrott—hero of Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Child of the Jago," born to theft as the sparks fly upwards, typical *gamin* in that submerged tenth of which philanthropy is fitfully eloquent. There is nothing in common between the two urchins except bondage to our East-End Inferno, brief in Tommy's case, for his personal history is removed to Thrums not long after that delightful episode in which he attends a philanthropic meeting, and stupefies the assemblage by public prayer for the dignitaries on the platform. Dickey also attends a meeting quite early in his career; but having no touch of the artistic temperament, the irony of prayer for his benefactors does not come to him, and he contents himself with snicking a bishop's watch, an achievement which, in the idiom of the Jago, is known as a "click."

The Old Jago is Bethnal Green way, an Alsatia of ruffianism and depravity, the like of which is unknown to English fiction. When Mr. Morrison's story was running in the *New Review*, I hazarded the opinion that it was a far more terribly faithful picture of hopeless poverty, misery, and crime than "Oliver Twist." Dickens, in his studies of the criminal classes, had an eye on the sentimentalists who believe that a word in season must always turn the vicious to the strait and narrow path. To such readers Nancy was the sop to reconcile them to Bill Sikes. Nancy was converted by some excellent exhortation, and such scraps of this new wisdom as she could remember she offered to her paramour, with the piteous hope of staying his murderous hand. Dramatically, that is a good contrast; fundamentally, it strikes me as a pale masquerade beside Mr. Morrison's tragedy. The murder of Nancy, and the flight of Sikes along the house-top, make a vivid piece of rhetoric; the murder of old Weech by Josh Perrott, Dickey's father, who also flies along the house-top, is in a far more subdued vein, with a devilry equally intense. The death of Sikes, strung in his own noose, is first-rate melodrama; the surrender of Josh Perrott, caught in a cellar with a sprained ankle, is not so good as a stage effect, but its strength is in the comparative triviality of the detail. It is not the blood on him that haunts Josh Perrott; it is the smell of stale pickles in the house of his victim, who kept a shop stored with the unconsidered trifles of stolen goods. Nothing could be better than the description of the prisoner's confused sensations at the trial; his answer to the judge's formal question whether he has anything to say before sentence of death is passed—"No, sir—I done it. On'y 'e was a worse man than me!"—is quite a masterpiece of truth and simplicity. It is all horrible and repulsive, no doubt; but that it belongs to a high order of art seems to me manifest.

It will be said that Mr. Morrison lays on his colours with a trowel, and that his picture of East-End life is too dreadful to be true. Unquestionably, he has no faith in philanthropic missions to people who breed like rats, and, in their social attributes, the heritage of inexorable conditions, are little better than vermin. There is a parson in the Old Jago, who obtains a personal authority over its denizens, not by preaching, but by determination of character and grim humour. He builds a church, opens a club, tries to find honest work for Dickey—in short, does his duty, but does it with a clear sense of its utter futility. That is the frightful moral of the story, which cannot be put aside by the vague assertion that humanity, even in this leprous nest, must crave for something higher. Nothing that municipal or private benevolence has done or attempted has made any appreciable difference in the life of such a centre of social pestilence as the Jago. Such efforts are "rotted through with sentiment." A block of County Council dwellings, thrust into the middle of this rookery, has no more effect than tracts, sermons, and the distribution of doles. The Jagos go on fighting and thieving; the fights are almost Homeric, and the single combat between Josh Perrott and Billy Leary surpasses the annals of the "fancy." The Dove-Laners, ancient foes of the Jagos, are invited to a "sworry"; the floor gives way, and a suspicion of foul play turns the company into a herd of wild beasts. There are Amazonian encounters, too, which Mr. Morrison describes without sparing us a single horror.

In this welter of blood, blasphemy, drink, and unspeakable vileness, Dickey is a pathetic figure. Compared to him, the Oliver Twists and Little Nells and Pauls, who drew tears from a bygone generation, are mere dummies of mechanical emotion. Mr. Morrison is unused to the melting mood, but never, to my knowledge, has childhood, under a social curse, been drawn with such poignant tenderness and pity. The poor little ragamuffin is brimming with human affections and animal spirits. His pride in his father, during the great fight with Billy Leary; his grief for his baby-sister, dead of neglect and starvation; his adventurous "clicks" for old Weech, receiver of stolen property; his point of honour to give to the family from whom he stole a clock, a tin musical-box, thieved from a toy-shop; his joy when, for a brief interval, he wore an apron and wheeled a trolley in honest employment, taken from him by fraud; his hopeless conviction that, as an old, demented neighbour prophesied, "the Jago had got him," and all struggle was unavailing; his death in a street fight at the hand of an old enemy, and his sturdy lie, the Old Jago lie, "Dunno," when asked who had struck him down—all this has a veracity and depth of observation that make your average story-telling a pitiful makeshift. The passion and the sorrow of it are the vindication of Mr. Morrison's art, for in this tale of Dickey Perrott he has focussed all the human elements of a problem which mocks at our philanthropy and puts our statesmanship to shame.

A BALLAD OF BICYCLES.

I met her on the upland road,
Amid the autumn's gold and red;
I marked the gloom with which she strode,
And with what sadness drooped her head.

Below us, at the hill's decline,
The villas stretched in curtained state,
And in their thousands, line on line,
The cyclists rode from gate to gate.

With dreary face she turned to me,
And pointed to the hurrying throng;
"May be," she murmured mournfully,
"The ride will not be very long?"

I looked at her with angry eyes,
Despite her melancholy mien;
"Forgive," I said, "this cold surprise,
But mine is quite a new machine;

"And on it I would press my way,
Through dust and wind, through sun and shower,
For many a happy holiday,
At sixteen reeling miles an hour."

"No, no," she cried, "it must not be!"
She took me firmly by the hand—
"Ah, listen to my dole," said she,
"And strive its grief to understand.

"My sisters and my mother dear
Are cyclists now, like my papa,
My cousins, likewise, far and near,
Also my elder grandmamma.

"Our pleasant suburb once was rife
With talks on Art, of good and ill;
It stirred with intellectual life
And high desires, as suburbs will.

"But now our speech alone refers
To bicycles—from morn till night,
And our Extension lecturers
Have ridden from us, out of sight.

"Methought when summer days were o'er,
When from the mountains and the seas
We hastened homeward by the score,
Some other theme my mind would ease.

"But on the snowy Alpine height,
Upon the ocean's sandy marge,
Wherever converse may alight,
The bicycle is there at large.

"To our 'at homes' it surely steals,
'Tis served alone at many a course,
Réchauffé at our morning meals,
And passed at tea without remorse.

"All talk to which I did aspire
Is laid for ever on the road,
My brain is like a punctured tyre
Far from the cycle-man's abode."

I answered now, with melting eye,
"The ride must *not* be very long";
I wished her then my sad good-bye,
And passed—to join the wheeling throng.

DOLLIE RADFORD.

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"DONNA DIANA," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS DONNA DIANA AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS FLORETTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

So the great Presidential Election has come—and gone, and the result is what the picturesque Pressman of the States calls “a landslide” for McKinley. Once more the solid underlying common-sense of the Anglo-Saxon stock, and of the German and other sober imported and assimilated races, has triumphed over the wild theories and restless agitation of the heterogeneous mass that Mr. Bryan appealed to as “the People.” Probably now the business men will be turning round, a little ashamed at their own apprehensions, and proving conclusively that Mr. Bryan never had or could have had the slightest chance. Nevertheless, they were badly scared, many of them. There was always the haunting doubt that the Silverites might have at their back the vague, unknown, disquieting masses of discontent and appetite, that a new *Jacquerie* or French Revolution was on its way, and that the Havenots were about to slay and flay the Haves, and bind the works of Henry George in their skins.

In fact, the present Presidential Election was far more than a contest between two persons or two parties. It was really a Referendum, an appeal to the whole people. It was a fight between Utopia and Wall Street, between a dream world of the future and the real world of the present. And the result of it is calculated to give the theorists of politics wholesome food for reflection. In the first place, it is likely to shake belief in the primary fallacy of the philosophical Radical—the existence of a vast, surging, discontented, enthusiastic People, as opposed to the Classes. A nation, indeed, exists in each civilised country, but this includes all classes, and acts together in a spirit of patriotism, which the philosophical Radical despises—in his own nation, at least. But “the Masses” are really made up of Classes. A trades union is the nearest approach to an ancient caste that exists. It is far more exclusive than the House of Lords, and exercises a far greater and more oppressive power in its own field of action. The “Masses” are broken up, horizontally stratified, vertically cleft, only to be moved together by something that moves the whole earth.

We have been told that the Bryanite movement was a revolution against the supremacy of wealth, the corrupt power of rings and trusts and monopolies, the rule of the almighty (gold) dollar—that it was comparable to the French Revolution in this. Even so, the French Revolution was always the work of a minority, and generally of a small minority. Had a popular vote been taken, a Constitutional Monarchy would have been retained in 1792 or re-established in 1795. Had Paris not domineered over the Departments, the Girondins would have had a “landslide” majority over the Jacobins. The “Masses” will never make a revolution; at best they will look on approvingly while a few energetic spirits make it for them. Most men are Conservative at heart.

But the temporary scare of the Silver movement may do some good if it directs attention to the much-needed reforms in American business and finance. The affectation of the Bryanites to deliver the United States from the yoke of “British gold” was absolutely absurd. It is not the English investor that is the tyrant, but the home-bred millionaire or artist in “rings” and “corners” who fleeces American borrower and English lender alike. How much English capital has been washed away in the dishonest dilution of American railway stock, it is impossible to say; but undoubtedly, apart from any peril of repudiation by the State, there is a general and profound distrust of American investments among English investors. To have slain, or at least scotched, the snake of public dishonour, is well; it remains to enforce private and corporate honesty, or the Silverite demon may take to himself seven others worse than himself, and enter in and possess the State. Every swindling “reconstruction” or exorbitant “assessment,” every suicidal “freight war,” is a victory for the forces of Anarchy, for it shows that the old order is powerless to secure commercial probity.

The recent cab strike, or rather, railway boycott, seems to have collapsed; no more do drivers turn out fares and luggage a hundred yards from the platforms, and the fiery leaders of the cabbies are peacefully “stating a case,” or trying to have one stated by the High Court. Of course, these chiefs boast that the cab-driver, if he chooses, can bring railway companies, magistrates, and the general public “to their knees” as easily as he can perform that operation with his own noble steed; but we are left to imagine how this is to be done. A general cab strike because railway companies decline to give up the privilege system, would be for the cabmen to cut off their own faces in an ineffectual attempt to spite somebody else’s nose. It would force the cabless public to use any vehicle the railway companies chose to put on the streets.

In any case, the conflict is a dangerous one for the men. The law cannot be expected to favour them, and the public will not back them up in inflicting great annoyance on innocent passengers who have nothing whatever to do with their quarrel. And then there is the motor-car looming in the near future. While the cabman is wrangling over the privilege system, a year or two may see him and his cab and his horse alike memories of the past. The motor-cars will be more expensive to build, if cheaper to run, than the growlers and hansoms; their drivers will have to be skilled workmen, with a touch of the engineer. The railway companies will have all the conditions in their favour if they run

their own cars; they will have the money for the initial outlay, the workshops to build easily, the class of men that is fitted to supply drivers and mechanics. They can afford to pay the “motor-man” highly, as he will need to be paid; for the penalties of incompetence will be too heavy to permit false economy in wages.

But when the change is made, the Union of Motor-Drivers will have a high new time. Your skilled workman is a despot, by right of ability—the ability to do something that few others can do. And the extinct cabman, from the seclusion of the workhouse, will watch the Union leader of the future bringing the railway companies to their knees, yea, flat on their stomachs—if a Corporation can be said to have a stomach.

MARMITON.

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN'S SUCCESS.*

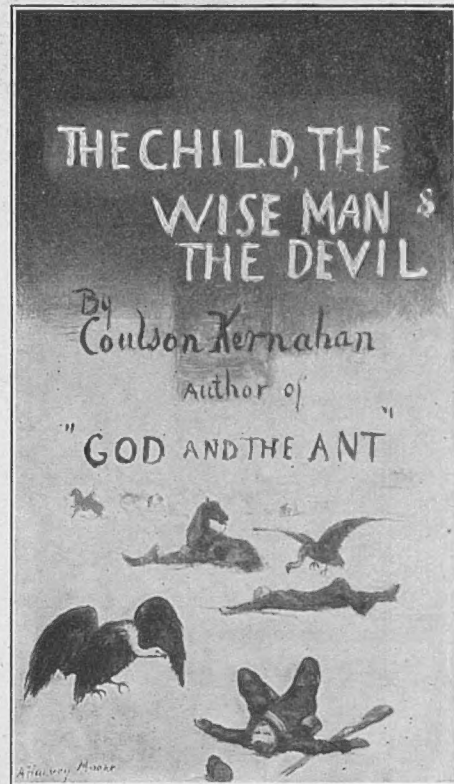
Mr. Coulson Kernahan is one of the few writing upon religious subjects nowadays to whom the man of the world is content to give a patient hearing. We may like his child as little as his wise man, and admit that his devil does the poorest credit to the nethermost hell; none the less must his prose poem captivate us and appeal very strongly to our affection and our gratitude. For Mr. Kernahan's is not an aggressive faith; it does not stalk the land with dogma in one hand and brimstone in the other; it does not preach platitudes from Palestine nor mumbo “dearly beloved brethren” while the ear is tickled with the chink of “three-pennies” in silver plates.

It is rather the creed of the common man, of him who goes through life doing as he would be done by, pausing here and there by the way to ask, What of the after?—not despising the affections nor the moralities of other men; a little of the Publican, a little of the sinner, yet, after all, a man. This is a creed which a father might well whisper into the ear of the child upon his knee—a creed born more of love than of revelation, a creed fashioned in the fire of human suffering, yet glowing afterwards with the light of the great hope. If sermons be preached upon it, as they were by the score after the publication of “God and the Ant,” we anticipate that a truer interpretation of the message of Christ will not have been heard from the pulpit for many a day. And to this end we recommend it very heartily to a clergy grown weary in the delivery of a gospel at eighteenth century the time.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is a man of very large imaginative gifts. He is a dreamer of dreams, yet human love begets them. There are few delivering an apocalypse to-day who have a tithe of his literary skill. He affects nothing, seeking rather to appeal to the heart of his reader, and in this simplicity finds his strength. How great that strength is a perusal of “The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil” very clearly shows. His picture of the great act of renunciation in Rome, when the crucifix was cast down and the manhood of Christ proclaimed, is as dramatic and as finely realised as anything in the fiction of our day. The end of the world and the after, the millions seeking justice before the throne, dominate his imaginings; but he can stoop to hear the cry of the children and the lamentations of fallen women. The prayer to God the Father uttered by the priests of the One God is a masterpiece of prose and imagination. His vindication of Christianity is no thing of subtlety, but of human needs and sufferings. Debate it as you may, the heart in it remains, the heart and the beauty.

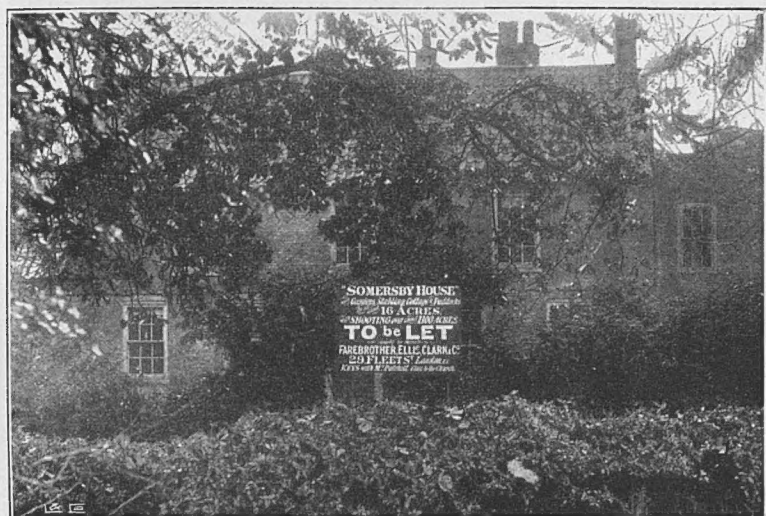
Mr. Kernahan threatens in his foreword to write no more books upon religion. We hope that he will find himself speedily of another mind, and will continue a work which he alone seems able to accomplish. He must have a great band of followers by this time, of people giving ear neither to the wise man nor to the devil, but seeking rather a little sure ground whereon to plant the foot of faith. These, we are convinced, will not tolerate any such conspiracy of silence. And while books so full of exquisite prose and of fine imaginative work as this one reward their waiting, we cannot blame them if they resent very forcibly any neglect on the part of him who has spread such rich banquets of spiritual food for their delectation.

* “The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil.” By Coulson Kernahan. London: James Bowden.



SMALL TALK.

It is melancholy to think of it—the auctioneers' great gaunt board stuck in front of the once trim rectory of Somersby in Lincolnshire, where Alfred Tennyson was born on Aug. 6, 1809. The place has been let, I may say, but the new tenant does not take possession till April, and the board still stands in the tangled garden. You remember how



TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE TO-DAY.

Photo by the Rev. J. Fuller Bryant, Alford.

Tennyson loved the place, and how he has spoken of it in "In Memoriam's" stately measures. This, however, is how the auctioneers pictured it, describing it as being—

well suited either for a country residence or for occasional occupation by a business man in connection with the hunting, shooting, and fishing. The house contains the following accommodation, namely:—*On the ground floor*, tile-paved entrance-hall, dining-room, 25 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in.; an old-fashioned Gothic hall, with groined ceiling, handsome carved stone mantel and stained-glass windows; drawing-room, 23 ft. by 13 ft.; morning-room, 17 ft. by 11 ft.; library, and study or smoking-room. *On the first floor*, reached by two staircases, 9 bed- and dressing-rooms. *On the second floor*, a large attic. The domestic offices consist of kitchen, scullery, larder, store-room, pantry, &c.; and *in the basement* are dairy, wine- and beer-cellars. The pleasure-grounds and gardens lie sloping to the south, and are well sheltered with handsome trees and shrubs, and there is a tennis-lawn. The stabling comprises double coach-house, 4 loose boxes and harness-room, with loft over. There is also a good gardener's cottage, potting-sheds, &c., range of loose boxes, and cow-house, and other useful buildings. The pasture-land adjoining is divided into 3 convenient enclosures, and is of capital quality. The total area of house, gardens, and land is 15a. 3r. 18p. The sporting over the estate of about 1120 acres. . . . Rent for the house, grounds and premises, pasture-land and sporting rights, £120 per annum.

How grim all this reads beside the Laureate's tender reminiscences! And yet he anticipated doom, for did he not write—

Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved; that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away.

The postman comes to the public with an appeal which, at this season, when he is going to do so much for us, ought to be met right gladly by everybody. He wants a park. Adjoining St. Martin's-le-Grand there is a little garden—one of the few open spaces in the City. It is, very naturally, much frequented by the Post Office employés. By securing an adjacent strip of ground (which will be built upon unless £12,000 is raised immediately), not only will the space available for recreation be enlarged, but the existing garden will be saved from very serious injury through the loss of light and air. The owners (the Trustees of the City-Parochial Foundation) have consented to give a short extension of time, in order to allow of efforts being made to raise the sum named, and they state that they will "under no circumstances grant any further extension

of time." The Treasury, through the efforts of the Postmaster-General, have agreed to contribute £5000, the owners themselves will give £1000, and this special appeal is made to commercial houses, and to all who are interested in the preservation of open spaces, especially in the City, for contributions, both large and small, towards the balance of £6000 still needed. If you want to give the postmen a Christmas-box, send a cheque to the Earl of Meath, Chairman Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, 83, Lancaster Gate, W.

I hear that the directors of the company that is responsible for the Earl's Court Exhibitions have taken Mr. Hermann Hart on to the board, and I congratulate them upon their action in so doing, Mr. Hart has great business ability, and in the capacity of secretary to the company has done much good work. Next year Earl's Court and the Crystal Palace will be friendly rivals in the presentation of records of her Majesty's reign. There is room for both: people in the West End will save the journey to Sydenham; dwellers on the south side of Father Thames will not be obliged to visit Kensington. From such judgment as good opportunity has enabled me to form, the one fault of the Exhibitions at Earl's Court has been their grand, colossal, magnificent, superlative, stupendous, &c., spectacles. The expenditure must be enormous; the effect is not in the least satisfactory. There are limits within which all spectacle must be restrained; these limits have been disregarded at Earl's Court, and I cannot but think that the long-winded experiments in the Empress Theatre have constituted the least attractive and most costly item of the last two Exhibitions. Far more attractive to the well-trained eye has been the beautiful Panorama of Rome, which will, I hope, be retained during next season. It seems curious to think that, in these wintry days of fog, rain, and general depression, work is already in hand for next summer's shows; but, in point of fact, many things are well on the way. Everybody must hope that Jupiter Pluvius will rise to the occasion next summer and show us his most smiling aspect.

Many happy returns of the day!—

To-Day, Nov. 11.

The Prince of Naples, *b.* 1869.
Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone.
Gen. Sir G. H. S. Willis, G.C.B., *b.* 1823.

To-Morrow, Nov. 12.

Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., *b.* 1842.
Prof. Sir M. Monier-Williams, *b.* 1819.
Mr. Guy Nickalls, *b.* 1866.

Friday, Nov. 13.

Duke of Marlborough, *b.* 1871.
Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, *b.* 1860.
Sir Henry Trueman Wood, *b.* 1845.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.

The Countess of Flanders. Sir John Evans, K.C.B., F.R.S., *b.* 1823.
Earl of Rosse, K.T., F.R.S., *b.* 1840.

Saturday, Nov. 14.

Duchess of Roxburghe.
Lord Morris, *b.* 1826.
Sir William R. Anson, *b.* 1843.

Sunday, Nov. 15.

Dowager Countess Russell.
Mr. William Black, *b.* 1841.
The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia.

Monday, Nov. 16.

Mrs. Louise Jopling Rowe.
The Bishop of Newcastle, *b.* 1844.
Earl of Scarbrough, F.S.A., *b.* 1857.



THE POSTMEN'S PARK IN THE CITY.

Photo by Russe'l, Baker Street, W.

The City is about to lose another of the fast-decreasing number of the churches of Sir Christopher Wren. The next to fall a victim to the greed of gold, which, as a writer declared some time since, is fast sweeping away every romantic relic of ancient London, is St. Michael's, Wood Street. There are happily no very particular "pints," as Artemus Ward observed, about St. Michael's, but it occupies the site of a far older church about which the aroma of a great conflict of opinion yet lingers. The head and front of the dispute was the cranium of that once potent monarch James IV. of Scotland. The said James was stated by historians to have been slain on the fatal field of Flodden, and his body transported to the Monastery of Sheen, in Surrey. How it was removed from that sanctuary, and discovered in the reign of Good Queen Bess by a certain artificer of the City—a master builder or something of that nature—who, liking the savour of the head, removed it to his own dwelling, and thence to the charnel-house of St. Michael's, has been set forth quaintly enough by Stowe, and the quotation has been much in evidence recently as well as in former days. No one disputes Stowe's story, but the crux of the whole question is whether the body found at Flodden was the King's. It is said by some that the King fled from that bloody field to meet a bloodier fate; but Sir Walter Scott, a keen antiquarian as well as an immortal romancer, declares his belief that the corpse found after Flodden was that of James, and he states that not only was it identified by Lord Daere, but, what is more to the purpose, by those two good knights and true, Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, his own personal attendants and favourites, "who wept at beholding it." The commercial buildings that will doubtless ere long stand on the site of St. Michael's fane may, therefore, not inappropriately rejoice in the name of the "King o' Scot's Head," if it please their proprietor to adopt that sign.

A novelty in stage presentments is announced for the afternoon of the 28th inst. This is a performance of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" by the Elizabethan Stage Society in the Hall of the Merchant Taylors. This Hall, which remains substantially as originally designed, dates back to 1671, but the building then designed by Jermace, the City Surveyor, replaced one destroyed in the Great Fire in which many historic banquets and entertainments had been held.

The Merchant Taylors' Company,
That fellowship of fame,
To London's lasting dignity,
Lives honoured with the same,

sang the bard of "Our Four Famous Feats of England" in 1606, while, in rare Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady," Sir Moth exclaims—

Now I remember,
We met at Merchant Taylors' Hall at dinner,
In Threadneedle Street.

Such traditions and surroundings should be peculiarly inspiring to the artists who will portray Shakspeare's play; and perhaps other Halls will follow the excellent example of the Merchant Taylors, and encourage performances of this character within their historic walls.

Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, who has succeeded Mr. Herbert Waring as the Black Duke in "The Prisoner of Zenda," at the St. James's Theatre,

made his first important London appearance as the Rev. Amos Winterfield in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," at the Garrick, having previously scored in the provinces as Captain Ferrars in "Bootle's Baby," and as Mr. Tanqueray. Mr. Smith is, of course, English, and was educated at Charterhouse, where he did excellent service both in cricket and football, and later on while at Cambridge he became one of the eleven; and after he left the University Sussex were very glad of his aid, for he was specially renowned as a fast bowler—in fact, he was known as "Round-the-corner-Smith," a sobriquet which most admirably describes his peculiar style of delivery. He is now only just over thirty years of age,

but he has already made very successful tours in America and South Africa, though his most marked successes have been in his present rôle both in London and the provinces, and in the title-rôle of "The Home Secretary." He has a strong and imposing presence and a very fine voice to give distinction to any part.

The sentence of three months' imprisonment on Mrs. Castle, the lady from San Francisco who was convicted at the Clerkenwell Sessions on Friday of extensive robberies in the West End shops and the Hotel Cecil, absolutely prostrated the unhappy lady. Young and pretty and pitiful, she stood limply in the dock, and presented as pathetic a figure as ever was seen at Clerkenwell. Yet what other could the Court do?

I protest strongly against the attitude of some representatives of American journals who have wired home the most impudent and calumnious observations on Mr. Newton—observations which would certainly bring an English journal into serious trouble.

The book of fate for the year 1897, according to the modern minor prophet "Zadkiel," lies open before me, and I can recommend a perusal of its pages to the careful and superstitious among my readers. That young ladies should be "very cautious in their love affairs" in July is hardly a necessary caution in this wide-awakeage, and, should the advice be necessary, the admonition

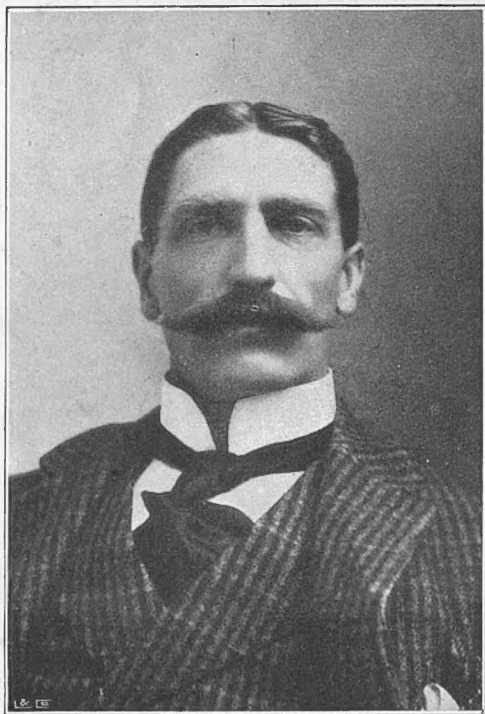
might as well be extended to the other eleven months of the year. In this connection it is pleasant to learn that in December our sex will awake to a proper sense of their duties, and that "young ladies will receive offers of marriage"; but let us hope these will, however, not be confined to one month in the year, and that the last. In February I am grieved to see that there is to be a suburban railway accident; this prophecy will doubtless cause a sad decrease in the railway returns of that month, but omnibuses and tramcars will doubtless reap an increased harvest of superstitious passengers. Quite early in the year some strange arrangement of Saturn and Uranus warns certain folks to "act cautiously and safeguard their health," which admirable advice I endorse for the remainder of the coming twelvemonth. Take it all round, I should not be surprised if 1897 were very much like other years of which we have already had our experience.

The re-opening of the National Skating Palace adds to the gaiety of London. I found an hour for the opening ceremony, and found the place crowded with enthusiasts. It is very agreeable to get all the pleasure of skating upon real ice, without risk of cold or fear of accident, within a few yards of cosy cushioned corners innumerable, and to the music of an excellent orchestra. Of course, the keen, crisp touch of country air, with its exhilarating effect upon the blood and spirits, is lacking, but the average Londoner does not know of this additional joy, and cannot miss it. I noticed that many fair ladies whose talents belong to the Metropolitan stage graced the opening of the Argyll Street house with their presence; among those I recognised were Mabel Love, Phyllis Marlowe, and Hetty Hamer. There is every chance that the forthcoming season will see an extension of these fashionable rinks, for the game of running a skating-palace is a profitable one, and in London there is seldom a monopoly of good things. Tea-rooms, lounges, and music are excellent adjuncts to an afternoon's amusement, but they require increased managerial expenditure and public outlay, while on less expensive lines there is room for a popular real-ice rink in the heart of town. At the National Skating Palace the Fancy Dress Carnivals will be a feature of the season, and are sure of a hearty welcome from the *jeunesse dorée*. I confess that I have often made up my mind to become a skater, but of late years Nature has stepped in with a weight-for-age penalty that would make my appearance on the ice rash and imprudent. So I am content to join the crowd that looks on.

When my readers cast their eyes over the pictures of "Lord Tom Noddy" in these pages the other day, some of them must have echoed the words of Mr. Gilbert (who has been too closely imitated by Mr. Dance), "Phœbe, Phœbe; who the deuce can she be?" for the young lady represented in the photographs as the natty nurse, and in one case described as Miss Mabel Love, was, of course, not Miss Love at all, but her understudy, who, though she had never played the part, posed for the photographer. Very pretty does Miss Mabel look in the nurse's costume, and she has improved her position as an actress considerably by her appearance in "Lord Tom Noddy." By the way, like Rhoda of the roadster fame in the piece, she has become an expert wheelwoman.



MRS. CASTLE.



MR. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Photo by Sarony, New York.



MISS MABEL LOVE AS NURSE PHOEBE IN "LORD TOM NODDY," AT THE GARRICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

Charles Morton has added to the attractions of the programme at the Palace Theatre the sweet voice of Miss Florence Bogarte, who is described as an operatic soprano, although this is her first appearance on any stage. Miss Bogarte was trained to sing in opera, but has turned her talent in another direction. She is but a girl, fifteen or sixteen at most, with a pretty face and delightful ways that reminded me of the earliest manner of Cissie Loftus. It was very plucky to make a début with a difficult and trying passage from "La Sonnambula," and the fair young singer was painfully nervous—too nervous to face such florid music—yet she struggled pluckily on to the end, and was rewarded by the unstinted applause of a large audience. I do not hesitate to say that, from the point of view of future work, especially of a future in grand opera, Miss Florence Bogarte is ill-advised to strain her voice at this early period of her life—she would do better to sing less trying music than that of Bellini, and rely more on her pretty manners and good method. The public of the music-hall is seldom critical or hard to please; personal charm is the great factor of success, and, after the assurance of most performers, the quiet, shrinking attitude of a young girl is delightfully refreshing. To see an inexperienced singer giving the audience too much for its money and straining a good voice that has had no time to



MISS FLORENCE BOGARTE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

mature compels me to pen these words of well-meant warning, while congratulating Miss Bogarte upon a very successful public appearance.

Miss Haidée Wright, whose worth as an emotional actress *The Sketch* was almost the first truly to appraise, will have another chance of showing her quality at the Garrick matinée of Mr. Malcolm Watson's new play "The Haven of Content." In this Miss Wright will succeed Miss Essex Dane as Chris Fenton, the rôle created by the latter at Bristol.

That hardly treated farcical piece, "Josiah's Dream," is to be given another chance, for it has been rewritten, and Mr. J. J. Dallas has acquired rights over it from Mr. Penley. Its author, Mr. Charles Rogers, collaborated with Mr. Carter Livesey in the ambitious historical drama "The Days of Cromwell," lately produced at the new Borough Theatre, Stratford. Talking of unlucky plays, I have just come across the fact that "A Crown of Thorns," which was so speedily withdrawn from the Olympic, was originally produced under the title of "The Love King," at Reading, as far back as March 1893. In the earlier version the triple failure of the guillotine was not found.

Every night at the Court Theatre there is a little flutter of programmes as they are curiously consulted to ascertain the name of one of the singers, whose pure intonation and enunciation, with singular sweetness of timbre, at once command attention. She is Giulia Warwick, but nine-tenths of the audience are none the wiser for the information, for we move along so quickly that all of us may not remember the whilom prima donna who

now for five years has not faced the footlights. Miss Warwick lays no claim to being considered very beautiful or very young, but her charming voice and its magnificent training time is impotent to touch. In her playing the part of Barbara in "The Belle of Cairo," Miss Warwick is assisted by her innate keen sense of humour and the arts of a practised actress. A pupil of Madame Sainton-Dolby and of Signor Manuel Garcia, Miss Warwick made her début as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" with the first Carl Rosa Company at the Lyceum, following up her first success in "The Bohemian" and "Fidelio."

She was the first to take the part of the daughter in "Jephthah" before the Birmingham Philharmonic Society, to which she was afterwards attached for five or six years, with constant appearances in oratorio and concert work elsewhere. Another important engagement was as the original Constance in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Sorcerer," in which she was promoted to play the part of Aline as prima donna, and holding the same position in "The Spectre Knight," by Alfred Cellier, at the Opéra Comique. Afterwards, under the late Alexander Henderson and Van Biele, she played in "Falka" for two and a-half years, with only one week's holiday, and performed the feat of appearing three times, namely, at Reading, London, and Greenwich, in that opera within the space of thirty hours. Her next success was in "Pepita," after which she herself took a company on tour. It may be a little surprise to some that in Miss Giulia Warwick we have a lady who has now been a Professor of Elocution at the Guildhall School of Music for the last two years, and who has lately been appointed to take the singing-class there, where her sister, the late Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, was so much beloved for her marvellous success as a teacher and for her own sweet personality.

With reference to the announcement that Mr. Charles Hawtrey is thinking of producing at the Comedy a new play by Mr. R. C. Carton, to be called "A White Elephant," I should like to point out that the title has been used before. "A White Elephant," one of the many comediettas written by Mr. A. M. Heathcote, was first brought out at an entertainment given at Brompton Hospital, Feb. 6, 1894, by Miss Agnes Hill, and was performed twice in the ensuing spring, April 10 and 11, at the West Theatre in the Albert Hall. On all these occasions Miss Agnes Hill appeared as the "White Elephant," a young orphan girl sent from India to be taken charge of by an old naturalist and his wife. These things being so, Mr. Carton will have to change his title unless he has come to an arrangement on the subject with Mr. A. M. Heathcote.

Commander Wells, the new chief of the London Fire Brigade, entered the Navy a quarter of a century ago. He served on the *Iris* in the Egyptian War, and subsequently became second in command at the Devonport Torpedo School. He has already come in contact with the Londoner, for he had charge of the naval and torpedomanœuvres in the lake at the Naval Exhibition of 1891. In the following year he was appointed senior officer of the Devonport flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers. He is essentially an organiser.

I shall await with some curiosity the talked-of revival of "Michael and His Lost Angel" by Miss Fortescue, with that lady herself and Mr. Murray Carson in the rôles originally created at the Lyceum by Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Forbes-Robertson. I am inclined to think that Mr. H. A. Jones's much-debated play would be decidedly caviare to the provincial theatre-goer. Miss Fortescue and Mr. Murray Carson have been before now in artistic association, for they appeared respectively as Hypatia and Issachar in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's "Hypatia" on tour, the part of Philammon being then filled by Mr. George Hippisley.

MISS GIULIA WARWICK.
Photo by Denenlain.COMMANDER WELLS.
Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The golf craze has overtaken the stage, one of the best-known players being Mr. Rutland Barrington. But, then, that is natural, for was it not the Savoy that turned its stage into a links so that Jane Annie and her friends might put? Mr. W. H. Denny may also have got the fever when he was at the Savoy. Herbert Ross, who was so admirable in "Trilby," at the Haymarket, is another of them, while the chance of



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
Photo by Hussey, Harold Wood.

playing the game is very naturally sought after by a very young actor, Mr. Leslie Thompson, who, as an Aberdonian, has seen golf played on the links of the Granite City since his childhood. So all these gentlemen went down to Epsom last week and challenged a team of journalists, including Mr. A. J. Robertson, the editor of *Golf*, Mr. Croal, of the *Scotsman*, and Mr. Jeans. The weather was very bad, but the golfer is not easily discouraged. The actors won by six holes.

Apropos of the Brontë boom, a correspondent recalls the dramatisation of "Jane Eyre." The present generation of playgoers probably hardly remembers or knows of the event, for, though it was but a few years ago that the experiment was tried, it made but a feeble impression. On Dec. 23, 1882, Mr. W. G. Wills's "Jane Eyre" was produced at the Globe Theatre. It was but a poor sample of the work of that usually successful dramatist, and was written in a domestic style that was conspicuous for the utter lack of the verve and fire, the weirdness, and the flashes of true genius that distinguish the original. To make matters worse, Mrs. Bernard-Beere was selected to play that elfin creature Jane, and an actress more unsuitable in either temperament or physique it would be difficult to find on the English stage. The Rochester, too, of poor Charles Kelly was, I well remember, one of the tamest of assumptions. Adaptations of fine novels are usually failures; but, both "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" offer a fine field.

In these levelling days, the quaint, old-fashioned direction in the Church Catechism that we should order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters is in danger of being forgotten. But that respectful submission to pastors and masters, spiritual and otherwise, has not entirely perished out of the land may be gathered from a curious epistle which has lately been received by the Farnham Board of Guardians. The writer, one John Claridge, who wishes to have one of his children discharged from the school, addresses the Guardians as "Gentlemen of Honour," and, after stating his request, concludes his letter in the following respectful terms—

I now beg the pleasure of leaving the matter for your honourable considerations, looking up unto you as my very superiors and also Christian gentlemen, and adding that you will in return, as mighty defenders of righteousness, graciously grant my request.—I remain, gentlemen of honour, your Excellencies' obedient and faithful servant.

Was a Guardian ever before honoured with the title "your Excellency?" The Board, however, had strength to resist the "voice of the charmer," and Claridge's request was refused.

The more critical or the more rational way in which the Bible narrative is regarded in these modern times has thrown stumbling-blocks in the way of many. Some find a difficulty in the three days' sojourn of Jonah in the whale; others stumble at the description of the fall of Jericho, or at the standing still of the sun and moon in the valley of Ajalon. But a new and curious puzzle that vexed the mind of an anxious seeker after truth was to be found in the history of the Ark. At last his perplexity broke forth in words, and he exclaimed, "I do not like to refuse to believe in its size, or its build, or in the number of animals it contained. That is all quite conceivable, and, doubtless, correct. But when I am asked to believe that the Children of Israel carried it about for forty years in the Wilderness—well, my faith breaks down."

A new halfpenny weekly called *Gems*, with some original features, has just made its appearance. Its founder is Mr. Lincoln Springfield, the news-editor of the *Daily Mail*. The smartness of the latter will certainly be a good guarantee for the brightness of the new production. Mr. Springfield's acquaintance with journalism in the Metropolis has been of the most intimate kind, and it has secured for him a well-earned reputation for brilliant work. In the first days of the *Star* he was one of its brightest young men, and when the *Pall Mall Gazette* became the property of Mr. Astor he accepted a responsible position on the editorial staff of that journal. His association with the *Daily Mail* as its news-editor was brought about in a similar way, and as Mr. Alfred Harmsworth believes that "there is room for all," Mr. Springfield will retain his position on that paper. The new venture consists of a choice assortment of "bits," arranged in an attractive manner, and the fact that the public are offered sixteen pages of excellent matter for a halfpenny is undoubtedly a strong recommendation in its favour. Besides this, it provides free insurance against accidents through autocars—an altogether new idea—and among the special features are original songs in both staff and tonic sol-fa notations.

The Queen has granted to Baron de Bush her Majesty's royal licence and authority to bear and use in this country the hereditary title and dignity of Baron, conferred upon him by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and has directed that such licence be recorded.

Mr. Barrington,
Mr. Leslie Thompson,

Mr. Herbert Ross,

Mr. W. H. Denny,
Mr. Robertson,



PRESSMEN v. PLAYERS AT EPSOM.

Photo by Hussey, Harold Wood.

About this time last year I gave pictures of two very wonderful performing horses, named Alpha and Beta, and it will be of interest to their many patrons to know that these animals, more marvellous than ever, are again performing at the Aquarium. After a quiet summer term at their native farm in Lincolnshire, under the guidance of their owner, Mr. Shaw—perhaps the ablest animal “coach” in Christendom—they have again come before the public, with an enlarged and greatly improved repertoire. Last year, it will be remembered that the big chestnut gelding Alpha, dressed *à la* Sarah Gamp, wheeled the clever English pony Beta in a perambulator; gave an equine rendering of



ALPHA AND BETA AT THE AQUARIUM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

“God Save the Queen” on the harmonium, to show that he was a loyal English horse; wrote his name, distinguished the letters of the human alphabet, and worked sums that would have stumped a Third Standard boy. This year Alpha and Beta appear together with bells tied to their fetlocks, and tinkle out, in rather shaky measure, the favourite Bryanite air, “Home, Sweet Home.” With some slight assistance from Mr. Shaw, Alpha outlined Mr. Gladstone’s well-known profile. Then the pony appeared with a gun mounted on its back, with the muzzle between its ears, and faced a target, on which Alpha was able to score a “bull,” a baby rising at the top of the target to certify the fact. Mr. Shaw was good enough to show me a dance the horses are learning, and which he expects soon to put before the public. It is a charming performance, and destitute of the charlatanism of professional shows.

If you ever meet an Aberdonian you will not be long in learning that the Granite City is the very hub of the universe—“Jerusalem the Golden (No. 2),” somebody has called it. Mr. Leslie Stephen recently told us that all good things come out of Aberdeen. But I confess that I was surprised to learn it was a North Country man, the famous Dr. John Arbuthnot, who created the phrase “John Bull.” The fact has been recalled to me by a little pamphlet, just published for private circulation, on “Aberdeen Royal Physicians,” from 1370 to the present time. The



ALPHA DRAWING MR. GLADSTONE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

author of the pamphlet is Mr. R. S. Rait, an industrious young antiquary, who has written a minute history of his *Alma Mater*. Arbuthnot graduated in Aberdeen, and was granted a degree in medicine by St. Andrews exactly two hundred years ago. On coming to London he became the intimate friend of Pope and Swift. In 1713 he issued five satirico-political pamphlets, which were afterwards republished under the title of “The History of John Bull.” After this, I feel convinced that Dr. Nansen might really have found the high cheek-boned face of the Northern Scot if the *Fram* had reached the Pole.

In connection with the hybrid zebra experiments now being carried on by Professor Cossar Ewart, I have received a letter from the manager of another “Professor,” to wit, Mr. Norton Smith, who is a Canadian, and describes himself as the “Emperor of all Horse-educators.” Since May he has been handling zebras in this country—

with signal success, and has proved conclusively that hybrid breeding is quite unnecessary, while, by his methods, the original animal, acclimatised and



THE TAMED ZEBRA.

impervious to that scourge of African campaigns the tsetse-fly, can be readily tamed for riding and draught purposes. At Manchester he first handled a wild Transvaal zebra of the Burchell species [I give its picture here], and on the first lesson subdued it to a great extent, and on the second handling harnessed it in the arena; and within a few days, at Forfar, the animal was so educated that, to publicly demonstrate the value of his methods, the zebra was used to haul most of the baggage from the Reid Hall to the station, to the consternation of the inhabitants of this “flaxen” town. At Elgin the experiment was repeated with the most gratifying success, the beast proving staunch up hills and an indefatigable worker. At Edinburgh another animal was handled and thoroughly educated to ride. At Glasgow, as lately as Oct. 9, another zebra was treated, and so great was the enthusiasm that an audience of over ten thousand persons assembled to witness the experiment, which was pronounced by military officers and horse experts a most wonderful step in the art of tropical warfare, as well as for utilising the animal for domestic purposes at home, its longevity under trying tasks rendering it peculiarly valuable. On a date not far distant Professor Smith will publicly repeat his experiment at Olympia, Newcastle, and then, on Dec. 4, take his departure for South Africa by the *Tintagel Castle*, of the Castle Line, to prosecute his researches in the zebra’s native home.

While enjoying a chat with M. Jacobi at the Alhambra one evening last week, the veteran ballet-composer told me that he is hard at work on yet another production, which is to see the light about Christmas, at the time, or shortly after, when the new entrance in Charing Cross Road is opened to the public. This new entrance will greatly enhance the value of the Alhambra shares, for the building is freehold, and would pay out every shareholder at market price of shares if placed on sale to-day. The Sullivan ballet is, apparently, relegated to the realms of myth, but I must congratulate the management upon the strength of the variety programme, which holds its own against all rivals and is a great and legitimate attraction. The present ballets do not please me as some of their predecessors have done, but I am looking forward to M. Jacobi’s hundred-and-third effort, which will, *on dit*, have an Austrian or Hungarian setting and give Alias a great chance in the direction of costumes. The Alhambra is very generous in the matter of ballets, and changes them frequently. I hope the people responsible will break new ground in the direction of lighting and dressing, and give more work to their *première danseuse*. By the way, I must draw attention to the latest effort of the Animatographe—a series of pictures taken in Spain and Portugal. They are all of great interest; one, a study of a rocky cave on the coast of Galicia, with waves breaking in every moment, is perhaps the best animated picture at present before the public. It is as near perfection as every advantage of fine light and skilled handling can go.



THE RESULT.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The Seaforth Highlanders are probably the purest Scots regiment we have got. There is a strong effort on the part of the officers to confine the men to those of Scots origin, and the terrible anomaly of the kilted Cockney is as far as possible studiously avoided. Of course, very few private people, except Cockneys and Englishmen, do wear the kilt, but that is no reason why a Scots regiment should be composed of Englishmen. I note that the glories of the Seaforths have been sung in a recent

suddenly on the eve of a dinner-party in his honour. His present abode is unknown, but it is believed that he did not go North.

Luckily, the post-card which has taken fifteen years to come from Leicester to London contained only a business order. If it had been a letter, and had held an offer of marriage, we might have found the realisation of a story which has already been told by quite a number of



A SERGEANT OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND

volume of verse called "Lays of the Heather," by A. C. Macdonell, which Mr. Stock published the other month. The last four lines may interest you—

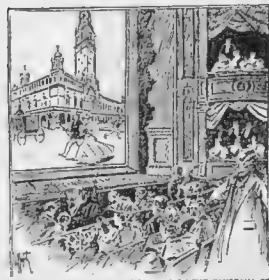
Look to the keen eyes' sparkle, as the ranks go sweeping by,
That speaks the Highland heart within to conquer or to die;
With the Scottish colours flying from the pipers as they play
The march that leads to victory the men of "Cabar Feidh."

Dr. Nansen, who is to visit Edinburgh in January, will be received in that city with mingled feelings. A few weeks ago a person who called himself Dr. Nansen caused some stir in the place, where he was received with open arms by the unthinking. He disappeared rather

authors. But fiction is ever stranger than fact. Another postal delay which was not dangerous occurred a few weeks ago. A gentleman in Leeds addressed a newspaper to a friend in "Liscard, Cheshire." It arrived three months later, after a trip to China. Why it took that circuitous route probably not even the Postmaster-General could tell.

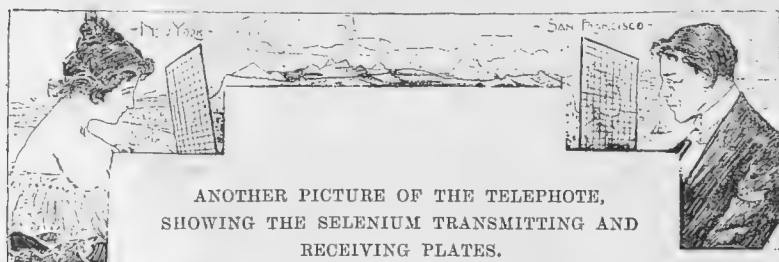
Once a year we become augurs and watch curiously the flight of birds. The gulls are already coming up the Thames, and Bermondsey sends news of a great exodus of rooks, "followed almost immediately by a mass of starlings, which, in turn, were followed by flights of fieldfares and larks at like intervals." I am no ornithologist, but it seems possible that, if the early bird catches the worm, the late bird catches the cold.

HOW PICTURES MAY BE TRANSMITTED A THOUSAND MILES AND DISTANT FRIENDS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE.



The "telephoto"—that is the name of the latest electrical marvel, an instrument for transmitting sight. It is the invention of Dr. Elias E. Ries, of Baltimore, and is a combination of the X-rays and electricity. Some time ago Dr. A. Graham Bell and his assistant constructed an instrument for carrying impressions of colour and shape along wires. The medium which they

employed was a metallic frame, divided after the general fashion of a chequer-board, and with the spaces between the metal bars filled in with selenium, which is half metal and half vegetable in its composition. At the back of each of these little windows of selenium in Dr. Bell's device was the end of a transmitting wire, over which the impressions were conveyed; so that the cable connecting the receiving disc of selenium with the transmitting disc at the other end, where the beholder was stationed, was made up of just as many different wires as there were little selenium windows in the grating. Each of the selenium windows caught a different colour or shape on its surface, and modified these colour or shape rays, so that they were transmitted over the wire, and, striking the selenium plates at the other end, were changed back again into colour or shape vibrations. But Dr. Bell could find no means of avoiding the multiplicity of wires which his apparatus required. Dr. Ries took up the problem of a single wire. There was no ordinary agency which would accomplish the result he was after, and he fell to experimenting with the Röntgen rays, in conjunction with the selenium grates. The X-rays wrought marvels in this as they have in other lines of experiment. Dr. Ries found that, when he surrounded any part of the wire circuit between the selenium receiver and the selenium transmitter with a separate coil of wire, and



bathed the coil with a cathode, the single transmitting wire was so sensitised as to be able to carry all the different impressions of colour and shape received by each and all of the selenium windows, and transmit them in proper relation and value upon the windows at the other terminus. The view transmitted may be thrown on a screen by magic-lantern and thus used for exhibition purposes to a large audience. Just think of being able to hear and see from London Tommy Atkins on the Nile! The cinématographe isn't in it.

Do you remember how in "Gudgeons," that clever play which the authors of "Rosemary" failed to fill Terry's with, Miss Fortescue used to apostrophise her adventurer husband (Mr. Waring) with the words, "Oh, James! You are wonderful!"? When I think of the Kaiser I am tempted to say, "Oh, William! You are wonderful!" His latest achievement as a draughtsman shows it, for there has just been issued from the Imperial Printing Works an extraordinary cartoon, inscribed "From a Sketch by his Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Wilhelm II., drawn by H. Knackfuss, 1896." The picture speaks for itself. It represents the German monarchy defending everything that is good and beautiful in the world against the forces of crime and anarchy. The champion is a stalwart, beautiful youth—with a strong resemblance to the Kaiser himself. He is clad in complete armour, which is emblazoned in several places with the imperial eagle of Germany. A crown surmounts his helmet. In his right hand is a sheathed sword and in his left hand a shield, both resting on the ground. He stands at the entrance to a temple, the architecture of which indicates that its occupants are Christian. These occupants are figures representing industry, science, arts, letters, agriculture, and the domestic virtues. On the wall of the temple above their heads is written "Pax." At the foot of the temple steps is a throng of inhuman fiends. They have tails and wings, and horns on their heads. They carry fearful weapons, among them a barbed spear, a scourge, and a flaming torch. These presumably are the forces of crime, anarchy, and social disorder which destroy arts, letters, science, industry, religion, the sacredness of family life, and all other good and valuable things. The Imperial artist has written in his own hand under the picture, "Niemand zu Liebe, Niemand zu Leide, Wilhelm, F. R.," meaning "No one to love, no one to injure." The application is obvious.

The ingenious gentleman who makes out the contents bills for the *Morning Advertiser* excelled himself the other day, when he produced a

poster every word of which began with an "H." This feat must have been trying alike to his own inventive faculty and to the resources, in the way of capital "H's," of the chief printer of the *Advertiser*.

Do you remember Mr. Dobson's delightful ditty called "Incognita," in which he described, as he alone can, the maiden he met in a train, and how—the rhyme suggests it—he tucked a great rug in the sashes, and carefully padded the pane? Well, you, too, may do that, even if you can't write about it; for the manager of the Midland Railway Company tells me that he is now prepared to supply night-travellers with rugs at the nominal price of sixpence each. In the inevitable exchange of courtesies I foresee possibilities in that rug. Here is one of them—

I see her (in fancy) before me—
The governess timid and meek;
The ticket-collectors that bore me;
The engine that starts with a shriek.
Then I sink in my furs in a corner,
But the frost makes her shiver and shrug,
She just has a shawl to adorn her,
And freezes for want of a rug.
'Tis Christmas: the holiday season
Permits of her leaving her brats;
The prospect of home is the reason
That causes her heart pit-a-pats.
But she's chilled and her pretty teeth chatter,
While I am deliciously snug;
So I shout as the carriages clatter,
"Mam'zelle, may I offer a rug?"

She's timid at first and refuses—
I fear that she thinks me a wretch—
But takes it at last and peruses
The *Woman at Home* and *The Sketch*;
Then nods as the lamplight is gleaming,
With sleep (the beneficent drug);
I ask myself whether she's dreaming
Of me and my sixpenny rug.

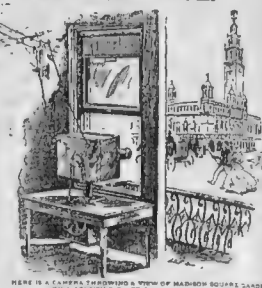
'Tis thus that we're frequently weaving
Our latter-day sort of romance;
What need to be pining and grieving
For days of the knight and the lance?
We too have a glimpse of the glory
That troubadours ventured to hug;
Just think of the charms of the story
I write, "The Romance of a Rug."

With reference to the recent fire at Portman Chapel, many people have strangely overlooked the fact that the Rev. Henry Neville Sherbrooke officiated and preached there, first as curate and then as "perpetual curate," for some twenty years. Indeed, he held the appointment until 1891, when he was made Vicar of Clifton, Bristol. Hence it is apropos for me to remind more forgetful folk of the long connection with Portman Chapel of so popular a cleric.

I note that Miss Johnstone Bennet, the American actress who recently startled New York by engaging a masculine valet instead of a maid, is contemplating entering a convent in Paris. From having a valet to seeing no man at all is like going from the Equator to the Pole.

Miss Mary Field, the eldest daughter of the late Eugene Field, has begun giving readings from her father's works. Field was best known on this side, perhaps, by his funny little ditty "Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue," which was sung at the Gaiety some years ago in "Ruy Blas," I think.

Mr. Max Eugene and Miss Amanda Fabris, formerly members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, are playing leading parts in a new romantic Irish opera, "Brian Boru," music by Julian Edwards and libretto by Stanislaus Stange, that is being performed in America by the Whitney Opera Company.



ALLEGORICAL STUDY OF MODERN GERMANY.
Designed by the Kaiser.

Everybody who has the antiquarian bent or who appreciates historical continuity will sympathise with Sir Edmund Lechmere on the losses he sustained in the fire at his fine old country mansion of Severn End, near Malvern. The Lechmeres, who are said to have derived their name from the Lech, a branch of the Rhine, which it leaves near Utrecht, have been settled in Worcestershire since the days of William the Conqueror, from whom they received lands in the old parish of Hanley Castle. Two at least of the name have made bold figures in English history. Sir Nicholas Lechmere, related on the mother's side to Sir Thomas Overbury, was a judge in the seventeenth century, espoused the Parliamentary side in the Civil Wars, was present at the Battle of Worcester, received afterwards a pardon from Charles II., and was one of the founders of Greenwich Hospital. A later Nicholas was raised to the peerage in 1721, under the title of Baron Lechmere of Evesham. He was a friend of Swift, was one of the managers in the prosecution of Sacheverell; and held such important appointments as those of Attorney-General and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. That the latter-day representatives of this historic house should have lost any of their cherished records is a matter for sincere regret.

I am always glad when successful men show they do not disdain the ladder by which they have risen. An instance of this has just been afforded by Mr. Robert Newman, the energetic ruler of the Queen's Hall, who has instituted an annual prize for sight-singing at the Guildhall School of Music, where he used to be a student.

Prairie King is an admirable specimen of a breed of pet or toy dogs brought into vogue by our gracious Queen and greatly favoured by the



PRAIRIE KING.

Photo by Mora, Brighton.

Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family. All who own Pomeranians will testify to their intelligence and fidelity, also to their intense affection for the one person to whom they specially attach themselves, while their great beauty of form and general air of smartness attract the notice and admiration of the most lukewarm visitors to dog-shows. Prairie King, who is under eight pounds in weight, is a perfect specimen of a toy Pomeranian; his beautiful, heavy coat is chocolate - colour, a shade which is, perhaps, the most rare in this particular breed. His continued successes in the

judge's ring prove his excellence. He is now between two and three years old, having been born in March 1894, and has already won over forty first prizes. Recently, at Birkenhead he took two firsts and the championship, the silver medal for the best Pomeranian in the show, the Pomeranian Challenge Cup outright, and a special. At the Kennel Club Show in the Crystal Palace he won a first and championship, as well as some specials. At the Holland Park Show, in June last, he won everything for which he was entered, including the Ladies' Kennel Association Challenge bracelet. Prairie King, who is owned by Mrs. E. A. Pettitt, is a son of Bayswater Swell and Queenie, both well-known show-dogs.

I have received a copy of an Album entitled "Nos Actrices Chez Elles," portraits of well-known French actresses, with foot-notes of ecstasy, translated evidently for the benefit of American readers. Of Yvette Guilbert I learn that, "nicely minded, she likes to be surrounded with artful works in order to take some rest when her songs are over." "She made a compact with Devil, and nevertheless she can occasionally have many pure and soft repentance accents." Mlle. Dudlay has "often reached the highest top of art," and "can tell many poetries with unperishable manner." "Her predilected author is a writer of ours decayed by no mountebankness: M. Parodi. From him she pulled up the most pathetic part she ever played." Parodi! The name seems familiar, but we usually spell it with a "y." Madame Réjane, it seems, "causes many genial astonishments," and I confess to being genially astonished at the translator's intimacy with our island idioms.

Mr. Hare has revived "The Hobby Horse," but, as no professional actor has done the same for "The Money Spinner," it was left for the amateurs. And they did it exceedingly well (in August) at the Gaiety Theatre, Simla, which is fitted up with all the latest improvements. Here is the cast: Lord Kengussie, Mr. C. W. Wilkieson; Baron Croodle, Mr. C. Holloway; Harold Boycott, Mr. L. M. Jacob; Jules Faubert, Mr. E. J. Medley; Porter, Mr. H. Watts; Millicent Boycott and Dorinda Croodle (Croodle's daughters), Mrs. Skrine and Mrs. Bingley; Margot, Mrs. Dacres Cunningham.

"I am afraid of Germany," says Lord Rosebery, and I fancy if he were a diligent reader of the American press his fear would soon land him in terror. What will not be made in Germany next? "Are visions about?" asked Mr. Bret Harte a quarter of a century ago. And his fellow townsmen of San Francisco are as unable as ever to satisfy



A SCENE FROM "THE MONEY SPINNER," AT SIMLA.

the query, for they recently have been honoured with a visit of a Messiah, one August Schrader, born in Minnesota, six-and-twenty years ago, of German parents. A black silk robe, à la Benedictine shape, covers the tall, robust figure of "the Divine Healer," and suspended round his neck is a crucifix such as monks wear. Hair, parted in the centre, flows over the shoulders, concealing the ears, and outlining a small, symmetrical head. His appearance is intensely reminiscent of the Christ—the beard, the curved forehead framed by the long, curving locks, the beaming frankness of expression made familiar in innumerable engravings.

He has had the gift of healing since he was thirteen, and now can handle as many as seven thousand people in a day, whereas his rival, Schlatter, the Denver Messiah, whose picture I once gave in these pages, can treat only forty. I say "handle," because his power lies in his hands, which reminds me of a conjurer. The only belief necessary in his patients is the act of coming to him: A representative of the San Francisco *Wave*, who recently had a chat with him, had a disillusionment when Schrader ran his clumsy fingers through the thick locks of hair that hung so straight from his crown to his shoulders—

He flung back the strands, exposing the full extent of a narrow forehead, and small ears set close to the skull. It was absolute disillusion. At once the suggestion of sanctity disappeared. The robe was but a disguise. The face became ignoble; its benignity faded into servility. . . . Then the concealing hair fell into place again, as he stood up to bless me.



"THE DIVINE HEALER" BLESSING THE MULTITUDE.
From a Photograph in the San Francisco "Wave."

ABOUT THE "ACADEMY."

The *Academy*—the paper, not the mere picture-place, of course. In its new offices in Chancery Lane the *Academy* still breathes its native air, for it was born hard by, in Carey Street. Literature and law sound well together in the perorations of speeches, and, somehow or other, the two



MR. LEWIS HIND.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

leading literary papers have their headquarters in the midst of lawyers, the *Athenæum* in Bream's Buildings, running out of Chancery Lane, and the *Academy* in Chancery Lane itself. New offices, a new proprietor, and a new editor—all this novelty, one supposes, must have its effect on the paper; and it was to get a really private view of the *Academy*, of which the first issue of the new series will be published on Friday (writes a *Sketch* representative), that I entered the light and airy offices, and sought its president, Mr. Lewis Hind. New as the situation might be, Mr. Hind was quite at home in it. He had the air of an old resident, which did not seem quite natural, for I had known him elsewhere. I knew him as sub-editor of the *Art Journal*, and as editor of that comet among weeklies, the *Pall Mall Budget*. And this was a new

flock he had now in charge. But the fact is that the right man in the right place always seems a fixture. You cannot imagine, after a moment, that he has been anywhere else before, or will go elsewhere again.

"Morning," I say, in search of the soul of wit, and using an abbreviation which Disraeli the Younger was represented as using by a woman who hated it—and him—Lady Bulwer.

"Oh, an interview?" he asked with a doubtful laugh.

"But you will have an interview, when an interview serves a purpose, even in the *Academy*?" I ventured, more as an assertion than as a question, for I knew him as a "live" journalist who cannot be tied to the corpse of a paper ruled by dead conventions.

"Right," conceded the new editor, and we were on a footing both as to modes and monosyllables.

"Continuity or catastrophe?" I ask.

"Continuity, in all ways. Why, we are here because we liked the *Academy*; and its readers like it, too, as their numbers prove. But while I am not for revolution, I am all for development. The type and the paper will be improved, and the size, too, by the addition of eight pages. The only thing in the paper which will be stationary will be the price. Does that sound odd?" he asked, seeing my smile.

No; but it just happened to recall Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech, centuries ago it seems, when, after explaining the duties put on or taken off various commodities, he added, "Paper will be stationary." Of course it would. The House laughed, and to this day the orator is puzzling to know why. That is the really funny part of it. But I resume gravity, and ask if the old staff is to be discarded.

"Certainly not," says the chief. "I feel very luckily placed in that and other respects. Besides having an enthusiast for literature in the new proprietor, I have, I hope, the entire goodwill of the former proprietor and of the former editor and his staff. Whatever is most valuable in the old work will be retained; the extension of space gives scope for new hands. Everybody has written for the *Academy*, and everybody will write for it—the R. L. Stevensons and the Huxleys of the future no less than of the past. Any changes that are made will be easily recognised as the right sort of changes—changes for the better, you know."

"I know. Illustrations?"

"At least one picture a-week as a supplement—a picture bearing on literature. The series of authors' portraits in the National Portrait Gallery—some of them never yet popularly reproduced—gives excellent material to begin upon."

"Any other new features?"

"Wait and see," said the chief, with a smile at once confidential and confident. Then, after a pause, "By the way, are you a poet?"

Here was an opening at last, and the thought of a tragedy in blank verse lying neglected at home flashed across me; but my pride was uppermost, and just in time.

"Because, if you were, and sent your stuff along," the chief calmly proceeded, "you would get an expert opinion upon it in our columns. Most poets I have talked to, even big ones, have confessed their need of such an outside opinion when they were young. I am not imagining that there are mute Miltons at every corner; but, if there is only one within measurable distance of Milton, we shall see that he gets a hearing. And, in reviewing books of verse, we shall speak as if face to face with the author. I am busy on the first number—that for Friday—now."

I took the hint, and, dodging the stacks on stacks of new books waiting to be crowned or something other by the *Academy*, I left.

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS.

Just a year ago the London School of Economics and Political Science commenced work at 9, John Street, Adelphi. The success of the organisation was immediate, and at the end of the first twelvemonth the old premises were found inadequate. Consequently a new abode had to be sought, and some rumour of these extensions led a *Sketch* representative to call on Mr. Sidney Webb, L.C.C., one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the school, to hear some account of the first year's work, and to learn something regarding the future plans of the institution.

"We have been fortunate enough," said Mr. Webb, "to secure delightful premises for the school, one of the Adam houses in Adelphi Terrace, really a lovely old building, with grand rooms and charming ceilings—with everything, indeed, that can make a place of study attractive. By the time this interview appears, work will be in full swing again, and the old house will be full of life and movement."

"But, to turn from the picturesque to the practical," Mr. Webb continued, "I should like to make quite clear to you the distinctive feature of the school. It aims primarily at providing a graduate or post-graduate course of study in Economics and Political Science. It does not profess to give elementary instruction. That, of course, is supplied by the University Extension Lectures and the text-book courses at the Polytechnics and kindred institutions. We do not exclude the beginner, and some of our lectures he can listen to with advantage; but he is necessarily handicapped if he chooses to attend lectures which assume previous knowledge."

"From what ranks, may I ask, are your students chiefly drawn?"

"From all ranks; but the school is designed to benefit chiefly public servants who desire a thorough training in political science, commercial and bank clerks who wish to gain a theoretical basis for their practical work, and more advanced students pursuing original research. The response has been most encouraging. The success achieved, I must tell you, is entirely due to the able director of the school, Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, M.A. Last year more than three hundred students joined the school—graduates of British and Foreign Universities, women students of the Universities who are chiefly engaged in the research department of the school, Civil Servants, Local Government officials, railway officials, young men and women engaged in business, bank managers and clerks, and others engaged in public work. The school aims at giving a training in Political and Economic Science such as cannot elsewhere be obtained."

"Is the training purely theoretical?"

"On the contrary, it is intensely practical. It aims, in particular, at teaching the application of theoretical knowledge to the concrete. In the department of statistics, for example, the subject is treated with special reference to industry and commerce, and to the incidence of taxation and local government. One subject of special interest at the present moment, the Concert of Europe, will form the subject of six most interesting lectures. I could mention many more if one had time to particularise."

"Is there any method of supplementing the lectures?"

"Yes; the lectures are supplemented by more systematic class-work. The classes are kept small, so that students may be said to enjoy the benefit of what is almost individual instruction. It is in these classes that special attention is given to the comparative study of economic theory and economic history."

"You are forming a library, are you not, Mr. Webb, in connection with the school?"

"That is one of our most important schemes. At present no library in England deals, with any thoroughness, with Political Science. Nowhere can the serious student of administrative or constitutional problems find material for his work. Home, Colonial, and Foreign documents are alike inaccessible. Nowhere at present, for instance, can one find a complete list of the towns possessing a municipal water-supply. Any careful examination of the municipal experience of our own country is impossible."

"Such a school is unique of its kind in this country, is it not?"

"Yes; no similar attempt has been made in England to organise Economic and Political studies. That it has justified its existence is evident from the success of the first year. It has revealed the existence of a widespread demand for systematic training in Economics and Political Science. Already the school is the largest establishment for such education in the United Kingdom, and has become an important centre of information for British students and foreigners visiting England for the purpose of investigation. The very moderate fee places its benefits within the reach of all. Full students pay three pounds a year, or one pound a term, and there are special arrangements for single courses. Comparing these with University fees, the advantage is at once apparent. Of our three hundred students last year a hundred are entered for the complete three years' course. There is a limited number of scholarships tenable at the school. These are designed for the encouragement of elementary study, and are awarded to selected students from University Extension and other classes. The hours are specially arranged to suit those engaged in business, nearly all the lectures being given in the evening."

"One word in conclusion, Mr. Webb. The readers of *The Sketch* will no doubt be curious to know whether the men or the women students have shown the greater excellence hitherto?"

"In the Research Department the women have been most successful, but in the others the men have claimed the advantage."

THE TRIUMPH OF McKINLEY.

The great Presidential struggle, over which America has fumed and fretted and ranted for weeks, has come to an end for the moment in an unprecedented triumph for Republicanism and Mr. McKinley, who came thundering in with a thumping majority.

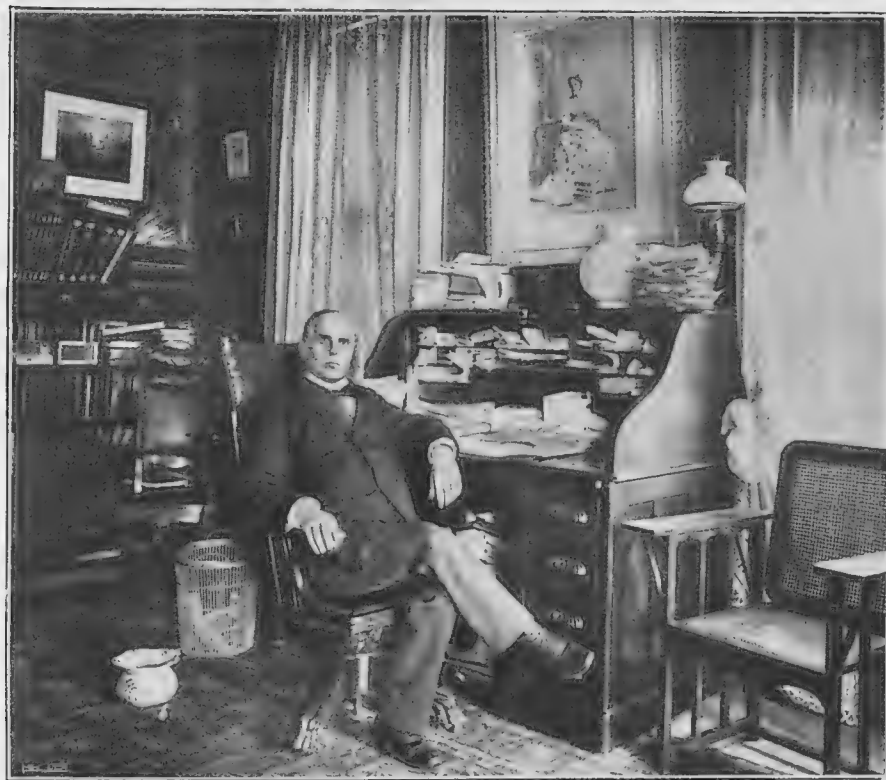
The triumph is no mere passing sensation in American politics. The battle, primarily fought over the Presidentship, has been the culmination of a long-continued struggle over a mighty economic problem which, with the negro difficulty, is going to cause America a great deal of trouble yet. Mr. McKinley, as the father of the most exorbitant tariff of modern times, can scarcely be said to be a hero in the eyes of free-traders, as the bulk of Englishmen undoubtedly are. On the other hand, young Mr. W. J. Bryan (he is just six-and-thirty) propounded a doctrine of Free Silver *plus* Socialism which was infinitely more objectionable to a nation that prides itself on "honest money." On this side we have seldom, if ever, approached a political struggle with such a network of agencies, journalistic and pamphleteering, as the present struggle in America has been encompassed by. Apart altogether from the question at issue, it has been extremely interesting to see how the inventive imagination of the American has exercised itself to present this



FREE SILVER AS SHE IS.



FREE SILVER AS SHE SEEMS.



MR. MCKINLEY IN HIS STUDY.

abstruse economic problem under discussion in a simple way. For example, Mr. W. C. Cornwell, of Buffalo, an enthusiastic Anti-Bryanite, issued a very ingenious pamphlet on the position. He maintained that greenbacks have been the source of all the silver troubles of America. On the cover of his pamphlet a green-coloured python lifted its head, and in the frontispiece it was seen wriggling round Labour, Capital, and the United States Treasury, the group representing the well-known Laocöon figures. Another picture was a cleverly coloured view of the American Fusi Yama. This was the legend the man from Buffalo tells—

In Japan a magnificent volcano rises out of the Pacific Ocean. Its top is covered with snow. It is an object of worship and veneration. People watch its slightest change, for it means to them good or bad fortune. Its name is Fusi Yama. It is the mountain idol of Japan. The Treasury Reserve of the United States is the Fusi Yama of business in America. Night and morning we look to it with fear and trembling, like that of the heathen of Japan. It is not surprising that the nations of the world, educated by past history and the experience of generations, look on in mild amazement at the spectacle of a great people tolerating, nay, clinging with childish affection, to such a system. They look on, but since 1890 the capitalists of Europe have taken good care to avoid investing with us, and this they will continue to do until our temporary insanity is permanently cured.

The fourth of his illustrations consisted of the figures herewith reproduced. On one page you saw the siren

of Free Silver. On holding it up to the light, you saw, as with a Röntgen ray, her skeleton—Repudiation of Debt. The skeleton has been reproduced on this page separately.

Mr. McKinley is what Mr. Dance once described in one of his cleverest jingles as a "big boss dude from Ohio," where he was born in the village of Niles in 1844. After finishing his education, and when barely over seventeen years of age, he enlisted as private in 1861, and fought in the Union Army during the Civil War. Even at that early age he showed his mettle, and after three years of service at the front he was put as aide on General Sheridan's staff. He quitted the army as Major, and in 1867 settled in the pretty little city of Canton, Ohio, and began the practice of law. Just twenty years ago he was elected to Congress, and re-elected to all the succeeding Congresses between the forty-fifth and fifty-first. In 1889 he was elected Governor of his own State, and re-elected to the same office two years later. A writer who knows him well has said that McKinley has fine, winning manners, and that he is in the ordinary intercourse of life almost a woman in his gentle ways. But beneath this pleasing exterior is a cold, calculating mind, an iron will, a positive purpose to bend everything and everybody to his own ends. Mr. McKinley married, five-and-twenty years ago, Miss Ida Saxton, who was quite the belle of the North-Western Reserve. They have had two children, both of whom are dead, while Mrs. McKinley is an invalid.

The victor received the news of his great triumph in the library of his house at Canton. The room was crowded with friends and with representatives of the Press. In the drawing-room Mr. McKinley's mother, who is eighty-seven years old, and his wife and many intimate friends, read the exciting bulletins as they came over the special wire and the telephone.



THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT CANTON, OHIO.



MR. JUSTICE COLLINS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

AN ANCIENT GAME.

Although "hurling," as one of the most ancient of Cornish games, was formerly played in many parts of the county of Cornwall, it has been practically kept alive for many years past exclusively by the men of St. Columb Major. But an attempt has just been made to resuscitate the game in the neighbouring parish of St. Columb Minor, the contest having taken place on the great sandy beach at Newquay. Perhaps this example may prove contagious, and the game may again become an "annual" throughout the "Delectable Duchy." In the event of such a revival, it is unlikely that all the ancient conditions under which the game has always been played at St. Columb will be observed and adhered to. Certain of its rough features do not quite accord with present-day ideas, and an appreciable revival of "hurling" must almost certainly be contingent on the elimination of a certain amount of the danger and rowdiness that have been associated with the game as it has been handed down from remote times. The St. Columb men have ever constituted a physically vigorous community. It may be said that the Charter under which their weekly market has been held for more than five centuries and a half was won on the battle-field, for it was in recognition of their bravery at Halidown Hill that King Edward, two days afterwards, at Berwick-on-Tweed, granted this Charter to their leader, Sir John Arundel. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand why the descendants of these men have seen no reason to lessen the dangers of their ancient and cherished game by even substituting in the play a "ball" made of somewhat softer material than the time-honoured "silver."

Hurling, as it has continued to be played at St. Columb from time immemorial, is a contest between "Town" and "Country"—that is to say, men residing in the town are matched against men residing in the rural parts of the parish. There is no limit as to numbers on either side, but both sides muster in as great strength as possible. The game is played annually, on Shrove Tuesday, and is continued and brought to a close on the following Saturday week. Carew, who wrote his "Survey of Cornwall" three hundred years ago, has stated that "Hurling taketh his denomination from throwing of the ball, and is of two sorts, in the east parts of Cornwall to goals, and in the west to the country." It is evidently "hurling to the country," as it was understood in Carew's time, that has always been played at St. Columb, although it involves the use of "goals." The combatants assemble at a certain spot in the centre of the town, where, after three cheers have been given and a short interval has been subsequently allowed, the ball is thrown up in the air. This ball is of apple-wood with a thick coating of silver, and weighs twelve ounces. From the spot where the ball is thrown up, the two "goals" are each a mile distant, and are thus two miles apart. One is designated the "Town goal" and the other the "Country goal," and the object of each party is to get the ball to its particular goal. The side that succeeds in doing this becomes the winner, and the individual who touches the goal with the ball is entitled to keep the silver trophy in his possession until the next "hurling day," when it will be his privilege to "throw it up," and thus to commence another year's game.

When the ball is thrown up, there begins at once a general and vigorous scramble for its possession. Should it be seized by a representative of the "Town," he calls out "Town ball," and throws it to some other member of his side in the direction of the "Town goal." Corresponding action with the contrary object would be taken if the ball were seized by a member of the "Country" party. If the possessor of the ball should be free from the reach of any opponent, he may run with the ball towards his goal until he is intercepted by one of the other side. But whenever the man holding the ball is touched by an opponent, the rule of the game is that he must forthwith "deal" the ball—that is, throw it from him. As the game proceeds, the players pursue the ball through and over all obstacles. Over hills and dales, hedges and ditches, they make their way. There is a good deal of strategy displayed by the contending parties; and as each side tries to get the ball to its own goal, so the other side endeavours to prevent it. Consequently, representatives of both sides are placed in various parts of the field, with the object of assisting their colleagues or retarding their opponents, as the case may be; and a fleet-footed player, outrunning his pursuers as he makes towards his goal with the ball in his hand, often finds someone lying in ambush to intercept his advance. But most of the players keep in the vicinity of the ball; and watchers from St. Columb Church-tower note with interest the swaying of the crowd as the ball is thrown or carried first in one direction and then in another.

In the "Survey of Cornwall," to which reference has been already made, Carew says—

The ball in this play may be compared to an infernal spirit, for whosoever catcheth it fareth straightways like a madman, struggling and fighting with those that go about to hold him; and no sooner is the ball gone from him but he resigneth this fury to the next receiver, and himself becometh peaceable as before. I cannot well resolve whether I should more commend this game for the manhood and exercise, or condemn it for the boisterousness and harms which it begetteth; for as on the one side it makes their bodies strong, hard, and nimble, and puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face, so, on the other part, it is accompanied with many dangers, some of which do ever fall to the players' share: for proof whereof, when hurling is ended, you shall see them retiring home, as from a pitched battle, with bloody pates, bones broken and out of joint, and such bruises as serve to shorten their days; yet all is good play, and never attorney nor coroner is troubled for the matter.

At the conclusion of the game the players repair once more to their trysting place in the centre of the town, where the ball is held aloft by

the man who has succeeded in touching his side's goal with it, all joining in the three cheers with which it is thus "called up."

It is conceivable that when a "silver ball," weighing three-quarters of a pound, is thrown to and fro in a crowd frenzied with the excitement of the game, considerable damage to property as well as to person is the result. Yet no one thinks of making any monetary claim for damage done on "hurling day." Householders can take the precaution, if they think fit, of boarding up their windows; but if they fail to do this, they knowingly run the risk of having them smashed or other injury done to their property. So long as the play is in the streets, the cries of "Town ball" and "Country ball" are varied by the sounds of breaking glass and other indications of wreckage; but as this is one of the recognised concomitants of the game, it is accepted and regarded simply as an "incident" in a campaign. In fact, the mob holds high festival on "hurling day," and this particular phase of rowdiness has its field-day consecrated by public sanction and immemorial custom.

The condition of many of the players at the close of the day, as in Carew's time, has always testified to the dangers involved in the use of a metal ball; for, as an old hurler of the present generation lately remarked, "Many people are seen walking about with their eyes in a sling" after this annual festival has been held. It was also long the custom—though not observed now to the same extent as formerly—for "old scores" to be settled on "hurling day," when the guardians of the peace did not interfere to stop a fight with fists any more than to stop the hurling itself. The scrimmage for the ball naturally afforded abundant opportunities for such collisions. Altercations which often followed the conclusion of play not unfrequently produced similar results; while the skill of the wrestler found abundant exemplification by men contending for the possession of the silver trophy. Sometimes, if legitimate opportunities did not offer, they were created. Thus: a sturdy man, wanting to distinguish himself, addressed another hurler on one occasion by saying, "I'm as good a man as you be, Jan Hawken." In response to this challenge, Jan replied, "Then come along with me." Collaring the aggressor, Jan dragged him along the road, and, giving him the wrestler's "flying mare," threw him heavily on a great heap of stones. It was in this way that Jan "settled" the question at issue between him and his challenger, and proved that the other was not "as good a man" as himself. This redoubtable hurler, now in his eighty-fifth year, joined in the game that was played on Newquay beach the other day.

The origin of hurling is lost in antiquity. It is suspected, however, to have possessed some ecclesiastical connection, for the east window of the parish church was commonly a goal in former times, while tradition asserts that in at least one parish the ball was always "thrown up" in the church itself, and that the clergy took a leading and active part in the play. For some reason or other this ancient Cornish game has been so generally discontinued that it practically survives in only one parish, though, in this particular district, it is as hardy an "annual" as it ever was. The recent attempt to revive hurling in a neighbouring parish will probably be attended with success; but it may be confidently stated that the chances of a general revival would be all the greater if the danger of physical injury were lessened by the substitution of some less murderous ball than the terrible "silver" orb that custom prescribes for use. As a relic of antiquity the game is singularly interesting; as a physical exercise it is most invigorating; and these considerations might not unreasonably ensure the revival of its old-time popularity if the element of needless danger were eliminated and the risks of broken noses and fractured skulls, reduced to the average minimum of popular games.

MR. JUSTICE COLLINS.

A barrister is pleased when his clerk comes in after searching and says that the case is in the list "before Collins," particularly if it involve questions of law. For Sir Richard Henn Collins is an amiable judge, with a prodigious knowledge of law, of which notable display was made in *Sharp v. Wakefield*, the case that is the terror of the licensed victualler, and the even more famous *Jackson case*—the charter of the emancipated woman—where it was decided that a husband can only compel his wife to reside with him by the coercion of love or interest. His lordship, who may be found during "the Long" in Norway teaching the salmon lessons by which they rarely profit, was born in the year when her Majesty paid her first visit to Scotland, and was educated at Trinity, Dublin, whence he went to Downing, and was fourth in the Classical Tripos. He was called by the Middle Temple in 1867, took silk in the year of the famous visit of the Shah, and was promoted to the Bench in 1891. He was already famous in the law as one of the editors of Smith's "Leading Cases," and enjoyed one of the largest practices that ever fell to the lot of an unsensational advocate. When Mr. Justice Wills resigned the Presidency of the Railway and Canal Commission, Sir Richard took his place on that important but uninteresting body, in which his peculiar powers are not of their greatest service. His lordship is not one of those who fulfil Burton's phrase, "out of too much learning become mad," for his common sense is almost as great as his common law. He is courteous without being over-indulgent, and can listen with patience to arguments which might puzzle some of his brethren who have come to the Bench by mere force of advocacy or politics, yet seem puerile to him. His Court is always kept in good order, since he is able to resist the temptation to make obvious jokes, and shows no wish to indulge in genuine witticisms.

MISS MAY YOHE AS THE BELLE OF CAIRO, AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



CHANTING A PRAYER FOR HER LOVER AT SUNSET FROM HER FATHER'S HOUSE.

*I pray now that your love
May last for evermore;
I pray that from above
A ray from Heaven's door*

*May light you, guard you, lead you,
May protect you on your way,
Until our hair is silver'd,
Until we're old and grey.*

MISS MAY YOHE AS THE BELLE OF CAIRO, AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



DISGUISED AS A TRUMPETER WITH THE TROOPS ON THE NILE.

*Far, far away from dear old England,
Beneath a Southern sky,
He fought until the bitter moment,
And taught us how to die.*

*He shed his life-blood gladly, freely,
For England and her fame;
The wide world now revere his memory,
And honours Gordon's name.*

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Reproduced herewith are four examples from the Exhibition of the Society of Miniature Painters, at the Gallery, 175, New Bond Street. The most ambitious is by Miss Edith Maas, "Mrs. Romer Williams and Daughter," a charming composition in which the mother is seated below her child, whose face is miniaturized in a round mirror, from which the drapery has been partially withdrawn. Another fascinating little child-subject is "Miss Dorrien," by M. Smith-Dorrien, in which the loose bonnet frames a serious and beautiful little face. Paintings of Mrs. Moberly Bell, by Barbara Hamley, and the Children of Mr. and Lady Emily Alexander, by Mabel E. Hobson, show power and appreciation of the limits of the delightful art of miniature-making.

Let it be understood that there are now two societies of painters in miniature, one of which will not open the doors of its first exhibition to the public until Saturday next. This will take place at the Grafton Galleries, the title chosen for the society being "The Society of Miniaturists," of whom Lord Ronald Gower and Mr. Alfred Praga are respectively President and Vice-President. In a circular letter to the Press, Mr. Praga, who calls attention to the distinction between the two societies, and to the selected name of his own society, observes that they have been governed in their decision by the desire to obviate confusion in the public mind, "and to abstain from entering into unworthy rivalry with another body whose aim, like ours, should be the revival of the exquisite art of miniature-painting, and its reinstatement in public favour and esteem."

The Fine Art Society's admirable show, "A Century and a Half of English Humorous Art," is among the most stimulating little exhibitions now in London. It is impossible not to agree cordially with the outspoken critic who declares that this "ought to explode once and for all the superstition that our forefathers had any sense of humour at all. They had none; but, as they wished to be thought humorous, they took refuge in ugliness, grossness, and brutality." It is certain, whether you

"Phiz," Caldecott, and perhaps the Cruikshanks, lead the way in point of time, down to our delightful Charles Keene, Linley Sambourne, Phil May, Fred Barnard, Edwin Abbey, Raven-Hill, and all that gay circle of modern humorists who, from the purely technical point of view, are always so satisfactory. All are excellently represented in this exhibition.

Mr. McLean shows two very interesting roomfuls of water- and oil-colours at his Haymarket Gallery. Of the two, perhaps the water-colours, mostly by Dutch artists, are the most meritorious. James Maris is particularly well represented, and should be visited without fail by any to whom, as is the case with too many Englishmen, Maris means little else but a name; near by, too, there hangs an admirable Swan, "A Leopard Drinking," in which that painter's peculiarly vital touch is charmingly apparent. The oils, however, are likely to prove more popular than the water-colours, for their general effect is gay and bright enough for any British eye. Here are Mr. Briton Rivière's "Circe," one of the finest of his pictures, and an Alma-Tadema, "Twixt Hope and Fear," in which, if the painter is not seen quite at his best, he is, at all events, dignified and attractive. Israëls' "The Widower" also hangs in this gallery—as powerful and massive a piece of work as that master has ever painted.

The St. George's Gallery in Grafton Street devotes its autumn season to an exhibition of the works of Stanislas Lépine, an enthusiastic disciple of Corot. He assuredly learned in an excellent school, and proves that he made use of that learning with insight and appreciation. He is certainly not another Corot, but he has that rare thing—

style, even if it be somewhat openly derivative and second-hand. He could not learn all Corot's secrets, for these are incommunicable; but he entered some way into that great confidence, and has consequently produced satisfactory, intelligent, and reasonable work. He learned to see things in atmosphere, as his "Seine at Rouen," a most agreeable



MRS. ROMER WILLIAMS AND DAUGHTER.—EDITH MAAS.



MISS DORRIEN.—M. SMITH-DORRIEN.



MRS. MOBERLY BELL.—BARBARA HAMLEY.



MR. AND LADY EMILY ALEXANDER'S CHILDREN.

Exhibited at the Society of Miniature Painters, New Bond Street, W.

wish to put it so strongly as this or no, that it is impossible for this generation to smile with its ancestors, whatever those ancestors may have done with one another. You have to get right down to comparatively modern men before any striking sign of humour becomes apparent.

study of air and light, is here to prove. One might also mention his "Sunset" and "Studio at Montmartre" as being good examples of Lépine's variety. Altogether, the pictures form an eminently respectable show, and one that is well worth a visit.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

CHATS WITH CHIMPANZEES AND GORILLAS.*

Professor R. L. Garner has followed the lead of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and written a *Jungle Book*, entitling it "*Gorillas and Chimpanzees*." The Professor has qualifications for writing such a book, qualifications Mr. Kipling, so far as I know, has never laid claim to, for he can converse freely with monkeys in their own language, and is, as all the world knows, the first and only authority on the subject of simian speech.



WAITING AND WATCHING IN THE CAGE.
From "*Gorillas and Chimpanzees*."

Learning the language first from captive chimpanzees in American menageries, our author subsequently extended his opportunities for study by caging himself in an African jungle, in a "locality infested with fevers, insects, serpents, and wild beasts of divers kinds," and immediately announced himself at home to all the gorillas and chimpanzees in the neighbourhood. To have done the thing properly, he ought, of course, to have left his card upon his new neighbours; but, unfortunately for his purpose, he found they had no fixed abodes. His first caller was a tornado, but, as it passed the Professor by, we may do the same by it. Then the gorillas began to "roll up," twenty-two of them putting in an appearance in his short stay of four months. Poor Du Chaillu hunted gorillas for years, and did not see half that number. They were saucy fellows, those gorillas. Notwithstanding the alluring addresses of the Professor, couched in their own tongue, they beat a hasty retreat almost before he clapped eyes on them. The chimpanzees were not a whit better. This is much to be wondered at, for our author counts chimpanzee speech his strongest point. Even stray wanderers he encountered in the jungle refused him a passing recognition. Take this for an example—

He paused for a moment to look at us, and we stopped. I tried to induce Moses to call out to him, but he declined to do so. As the stranger turned aside I called to him myself, but he neither stopped nor answered.

Now, to say the least, this was a scurvy reception after the Professor had, with so much travel, trouble, and expense, condescended to live among them. However, three private, promising pupils, bought from traders, rather incongruously named "Moses," "Aaron," and "Elisheba," afforded him consolation. "Moses," the baby chimpanzee mentioned in the above-quoted incident, was the Professor's companion in the jungle cage. He was an accomplished linguist, being versed in French, German, and Nkami, English somehow being omitted from his curriculum. His vocabulary consisted of *feu*, *wie*, and *nkgwe*, and in the pronunciation of the last word I, for one, must yield to the chimpanzee. His alphabet is also given, but it is unnecessary to reproduce it here. It

looks for all the world as if the printer's punctuation type had come out on strike to hold a mass-meeting in a clear space on the page. The Professor, however, is somewhat hazy upon the extent of the chimpanzee's vocabulary. On page 73, for instance, he says of a certain sound "that I have good reason to believe means dead or death"; but at page 115 he adds, "I do not know whether or not they have any name for death, but they surely know what it is." I regret to add that "Moses" was what the Professor euphoniously calls a "kleptomaniac." Still, he was a wonderful animal. A contract arrived when the Professor was in the jungle and required to be signed and attested. "Moses" gave the attestation. Here it is as the Professor gives it—

His
MOSES X NTYIGO.
Mark.

"Moses," as the Professor himself writes, "will live in history. He deserves to do so, for he was the first of his race that ever spoke a word of human speech; because he was the first that ever conversed in his own language with a human being, and because he was the first that ever signed his name to any document; and Fame will not deny him a niche in her temple among the heroes who have led the races of the world." The Professor, very modestly, does not claim a seat beside his pupil.

"Elisheba," another of his pupils, "was a perfect shrew, and often reminded me of certain women that I have seen who had soured on the world. She was treacherous, ungrateful, and cruel in every thought and act." "Aaron" had the misfortune to have "Elisheba to wife." He was a good-natured fellow, with some intelligence, but so badly mated it is small wonder he made slow progress in his acquaintanceship with the fine arts. Unhappily, death blighted the Professor's three young hopefuls, and they died at the very beginning of their promising careers, but these three sad occasions were not lost, for the Professor is at his very strongest in death scenes.

If the Professor is a man of sentiment, he is also a man of humour. Mr. Otto Handmann, formerly German Consul at Gaboon, invited him to dinner, but he was obliged to decline. The empty chair was filled by his chimpanzee, who at first "behaved himself with becoming gravity," but afterwards, when toasts passed round, he became boisterous and



CONSUL II. RIDING A TRICYCLE.
From "*Gorillas and Chimpanzees*."

"actually drunk, when he awkwardly climbed off the chair, crawled under the table, and went to sleep." An awkward representative!

But, when all is said and done, the Professor has to own that Consul II., a chimpanzee that rode a "bike," wore a "tile," and smoked a "cutty" in the Bellevue Garden at Manchester, was the most highly accomplished ape he had ever seen.

* "*Gorillas and Chimpanzees*," By R. L. Garner. London: Osmond, McIlvaine, and Co.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.



SIR GEORGE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

LONDON'S NEW LADY MAYORESS.



LADY FAUDEL-PHILLIPS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS.

There are one or two circumstances which render the election of Alderman George Faudel-Phillips to the office of Lord Mayor somewhat exceptional in interest. He is the first example of a Lord Mayor whose father before him has held the same position in the City of London, and it is reasonable

to suppose that at some future date his elder son, who is with him in the large business in Newgate Street, will complete the three generations of Mayors. Sir Benjamin Phillips, in addition to being one of the few Jews that have presided at the Mansion House, was the first of his faith to occupy any position in the Corporation of London.

I found the Lord Mayor elect very busy in his library at Balls Park, his country seat (writes a *Sketch* representative), and, in spite of a pressure of work, he readily gave me a few minutes of his time, the while a small black dog of rare breed sat on his chair and consented to be fussed over with indifference.



MR. SHERIFF ROGERS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"Teufel only cares for my wife," said the Alderman; "he will lie on the mat, quite miserable, when she is out, and only take heed of what is going on when he hears the sound of the carriage-wheels, and thinks she is returning. I have been very busy lately with the Irish Society, and was over in Ireland on its account a few weeks ago," he continued "By the way, do you know what the Society is?"

I confessed my ignorance, and was duly enlightened.

"In the reign of James I. the King wanted to establish plantations in Derry and Coleraine. For this the City Companies found the money, and consequently upon them falls a large share of the management of the estates. The Society is managed by a Governor, a Vice-Governor, and Council members, who all hold office for a different length of time, which decidedly complicates matters, and makes the constitution peculiar. In addition to the straightforward business of seeing after tenants, leases, &c., there is a large income which, according to our charter, may be spent in any way for the common weal in Derry and Coleraine, but nowhere else. You can hardly realise what a task it is to satisfy all our claimants and content the various people who have such different schemes for the disbursement of the money. One great undertaking which we have recently accomplished is the inauguration of Foyle College, one fresh, strong institution formed by combining two weak ones. I have been elected Governor for five years, and consider it an enormous compliment to have given satisfaction to the claimants so different in creed and ideas."

Another institution which has derived much advantage from the presidency of the Lord Mayor is an orphan asylum for Jewish boys and girls, situated at Norwood. On the occasion of the recent centenary of the asylum there was a great dinner, when it was announced that over twenty thousand pounds had been collected for this one charity, the well-known broker Mr. Daniel Marks (known in the City as "Tommy Marks") having been a very able lieutenant to the president. Quite another affair is the flourishing business undertaking known as the Hertford Steam Laundry, which the new Lord Mayor started some years ago because he wanted to establish a field for workers in Hertford.

There is a very long list of offices held by Alderman Faudel-Phillips, both in London and in Hertford. I forget how many times he is a

magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant; he is an Almoner of Christ's Hospital, a trustee for the Rowland Hill Fund, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, one of the Visiting Magistrates at Holloway, and still he is not too deluged by work to fail to enjoy himself with his boys and girls. Indeed, the entire family go in for cycling, the two daughters, who figure as Maids of Honour, being very expert and capable of trick-riding. Stella, the youngest girl, however, is particularly fond of hunting, though the Faudel-Phillips' *en masse* make a typical athletic English country family.

The new Lady Mayoress has more than a slight connection with the Fourth Estate, being a sister of Sir Edward Lawson and the daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Levy, who did so much for the prosperity of the *Daily Telegraph*. She is a cultured, intellectual woman, in every way fit for the position she is about to hold.

"I can't resist old china," she said to me. "I take a great interest in practical farming, too, and am distinctly proud of my breed of prize pigs. To my flowers and gardens I also give a good deal of my time"—a fact which I soon discovered when I peeped into palm-houses and conservatories, and even inspected my hostess's particular mushroom-house.

At Balls Park, where the Duke of Cambridge is a frequent guest, the Faudel-Phillips' spend the greater part of their time, and in spite of the fact that their faith is different from that of the people around them, they have outlived all prejudice. Liberal-minded and open-hearted, the new Lady Mayoress is a typical Lady Pountiful, and, with her daughters, takes the keenest interest in all the concerns of the parish, while at Balls Park the employés, the school-children, and the members of some of the Hertford as well as the Jewish institutions, have been often entertained, nor will they be forgotten when the Lord and Lady Mayoress are installed in their temporary home at the Mansion House, for which the necessary alterations and repairs are hardly likely to be complete before the end of the year, so that in all probability the Lady Mayoress's first big function will be the Children's Fancy-dress Ball.

'UNDER THE RED ROBE,' AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE.

"Well," said Alice when she had found a seat, "what a dreadful crush! They might have sent me a ticket, but they said I had nothing to do with the Press. It wasn't kind of them, was it?" she said, turning to a beautiful Rose that was blooming quite near her. "Well, I don't know whether you've anything to do with the Press," answered the Rose jauntily; "but you seem to have been in rather a squeeze." Alice looked reproachfully at him and murmured, "The house doesn't seem much altered, does it? I hope they've kept the old traditions." "Some of them, if they live, are to be transplanted over the way," replied the Rose, and Alice felt sure that down somewhere in his petals he whistled softly "Oh, Woodman, spare that Tree!" "I thought it was the novel I was going to see," said Alice presently. "Novel, my little dear! Why, it's been through my hands. Haven't you ever heard what is 'The Mission of a Rose'?" "Oh, that must be a conundrum!" cried Alice, so loudly that the Rose had to warn her she would be turned out. "Perhaps," she remarked rather timidly, "the answer's something about bloom? Oh, yes," she went on, "I remember; isn't the mission of a Rose to take the bloom off first-rate novels and put it on to third-rate actresses? Or," seeing the Rose looked rather glum, "perhaps it's *vice versa*?" "*Vice versa*, my dear, that's quite an old story; the mission of a Rose is nowadays to give an aroma to a debased stage that's more like a variety than a flower show." "Yes, I see," said Alice thoughtfully; "you are very kind. Who's this, please?" said she, as a gallant figure, that reminded her somewhat of one of her old friends, the Three Musketeers, made his appearance. "What, don't you know him? He's my Disreputable Knight. He used to be my Black Knave, you know, when he was staying in Zenda; he's Gil de Berault." "Please," said Alice, "would you mind telling me what he's done with all those nice reflections that used to make us like him so, when he was in the novel, I mean?" "Reflections," snapped the Rose; "we've no time for reflections in a romantic drama; they're all very well in a problem-play; but here, you know, they interrupt the action." "Yes; there seems to be a good deal of action," Alice replied. "And then he doesn't seem a bit puzzled here about which is which of the two Queens." "No; a romantic play's no place for puzzles," said the Rose shortly. "What we want is action and padding." "I suppose spinning out that effective little scene at Zaton's is what you call padding," Alice answered; "just like making up the long prologue out of those few lines at the breakfast-table was at Zenda." "Don't talk about what you know nothing of," grumbled the Rose; "time for you to think about padding when you're older, and the lady's-maid dresses you for your first party." "I like that nice, tall, fair Queen," said Alice presently. "I know what she is; she's what they call a genuine artist." "Yes, you're right there, Miss Sharp," replied the Rose. "She knows her business." "Indeed she does," said Alice, "and that's more than some of the ladies do whom I've heard you rave about. And I like the Lieutenant," went on the unabashed infant; "but I can't help thinking I've seen that funny Captain Larolle when he was ever, ever so much older, and I liked him ever, ever so much better." "Now, Miss Alice," said the Rose, "we've had more than enough of your opinions; so you sit still, and look at the pretty scenery." And so Alice did, and enjoyed herself very much, though she confessed afterwards that she "was rather afraid of the animals in the Zoological Gardens when that wretched Clon was tortured."



MR. SHERIFF RITCHIE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MR. HERBERT WARING AS GIL DE BERAULT IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE,"
AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BLOODHOUND.

For stateliness of appearance no breed of dog is comparable to the bloodhound, while the stories attending its unerring pursuit of its quarry have furnished the novelist with material of the most exciting character. But it is a fiction to associate the bloodhound with ferocity. He never worries or mangles what he tracks down. His vocation is to find, and to find only, whether engaged in pursuit of man or of wounded deer. The bloodhound has figured in history from time immemorial, and no breed of dogs has preserved its characteristic points so persistently. The high, pointed cranium, the long, pendulous ears, the ample dewlap, the wrinkled forehead, the overhanging flews, and even the red haw, or third eyelid—commonly called the sealing-wax—may be traced more or less in the Talbot hound, in the modern foxhound, the otter-hound, the

interesting fact is that the bloodhound, when alone, hunts mute; but when hunting in a pack he makes music of most delightful melody. His tracking instinct is so keen that he hunts the "clean-shoe" as well, if not better, than when the foot of the fugitive has been purposely fouled, and it is a pretty sight to watch a trained hound following his quarry over a fence if the pursuer has gone that way, or under the rails if such has been his course. The training of bloodhounds has not been very persistently followed of late years, but there have been several important trials at Boxmoor and at the Alexandra Palace to wit. It is noteworthy to remark that the trial at Boxmoor came off when deep snow was on the ground, and that while snow was actually falling the hounds laid on were equally persistent in tracking the quarry. A well-trained bloodhound will follow for five miles even after six hours have elapsed since the fugitive started, and although many other trails may have crossed the track. But he is frequently at fault over stone flags. It was



A BLOODHOUND PUPPY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

basset, the French dachshund, and in the Swedish beagle, which last is a miniature bloodhound, though of lighter build. The Count le Conteulx de Cantelen, in his work "Les Races des Chiens Courans Français," harks back to the famous St. Hubert hounds, black and white, as the recognised progenitors of the breed. The present writer was particularly impressed by the strong bloodhound type which characterised the packs of French hounds from various provinces exhibited at the International Show in Paris in the year 1878. However, it will be more interesting to leave speculative discussion and come to the regions of fact. In Borderland history bloodhounds were compulsorily maintained by each hamlet for tracking the moss-troopers after their raids, and till comparatively lately the rural constabulary in England employed bloodhounds to trace sheep- and poultry-stealers. In Bedale a police superintendent not long ago had a wonderful hound named Voltigeur, which could find his master wherever he might be and at any hour of the night. And this reference suggests the inverse remark that the bloodhound, even as a pup, will pick up the trail of a stranger quite easily, and perhaps more eagerly, than that of his master. Another

for this reason that the pursuit of Jack the Ripper by bloodhounds, at one time mooted, was after a trial discarded. Among notable hounds there may be mentioned Edwin Brough's quartette, Barnaby, Beeswing, Belhus, and Blueberry, with Bono and Burgundy; Holford's Regent, Reynold Ray's Roswell, Nicholls's Triumph; while Mrs. Humphries' (now better known as Miss Gladys Homfrey) Don was a great prize-winner. This same lady furnished the nucleus of Lord Wolverton's pack of 17½ couples. It was the late Mr. J. Bell's Countess which served as a model to Landseer for his bloodhound in "Dignity and Impudence," and also for his "Sleeping Bloodhound," whilst the late Sir John Millais' Cromwell figured in more than one of that artist's pictures. Other fine hounds have been Luath XI., Hector II., and Danger. The bloodhound's aristocratic appearance, his invariable good temper, and his watchfulness commend him to social notice, while the vulgar idea regarding his ferocity renders him an invaluable companion for ladies and children against the annoyances incidental to the genus "tramp." The photograph reproduced is that of a pup of this breed, but, like the child, he is equally father to the full-grown animal.

T. H. L.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HIS FATE.

SYMPATHISING FRIEND : Where were the remains of your late husband interred ?
THE WIDOW (*sadly*) : There were no remains ; he—he—met—a bear !



"Why don't you get a new suit, man?"

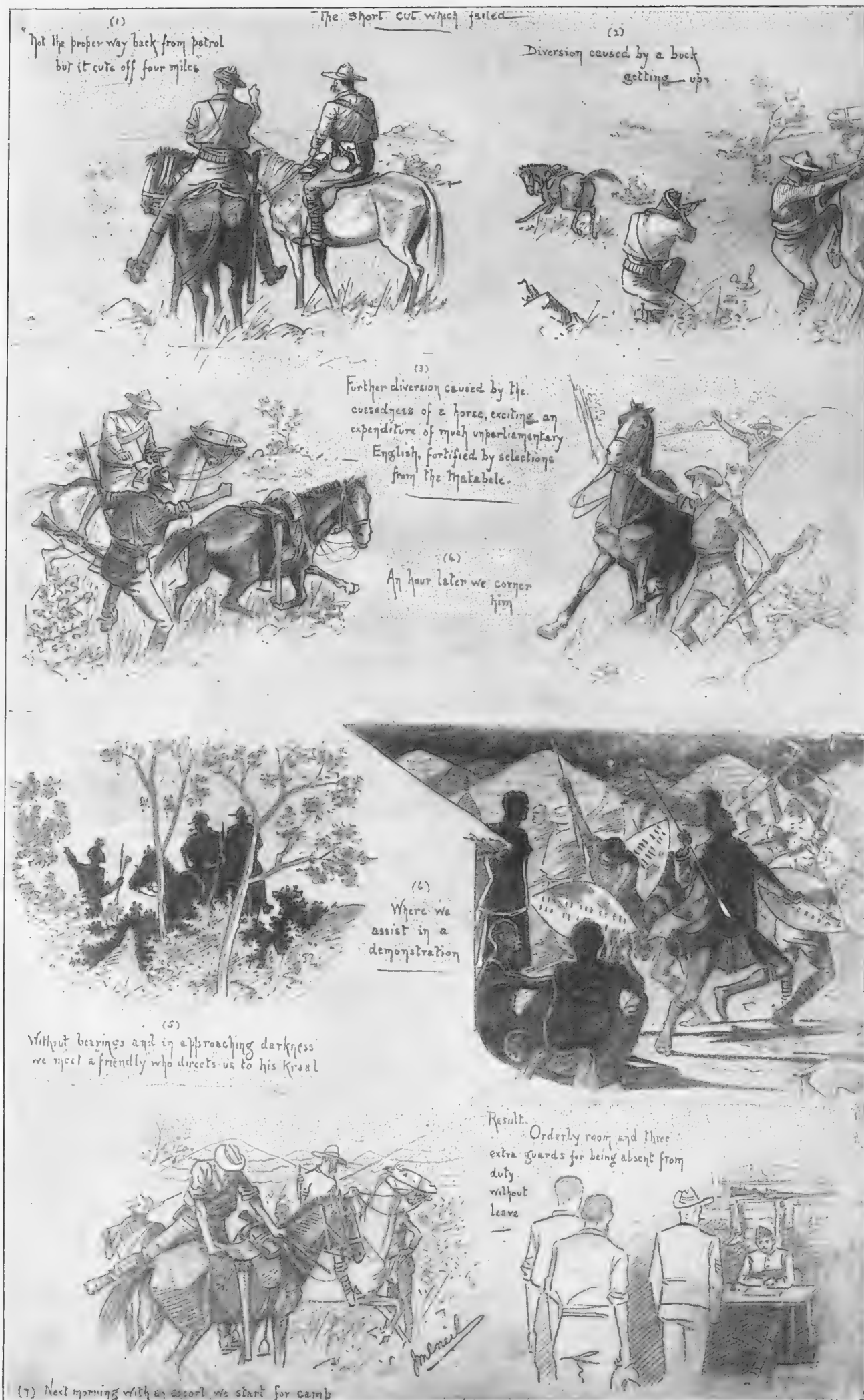
"Faith, I'm the most ticklish man in all Cork; devil a tailor in the place can get the tape round me!"



MAGISTRATE : What is your nationality ?

WITNESS : Well, Sir, my father was Irish, my mother was American, and I was born in a Dutch brig sailing under French colours in Spanish waters—

MAGISTRATE : That 'll do, my man ; you can stand down.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN EMOTIONAL FAILURE.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

As a child and as a girl Lettice Templemore was emotional to a fault, for at times both her anger and her joy became half hysterical. On some occasions she almost fainted with excess of passion.

"I live, I really live!" she used to say; "and it is lovely, even if I suffer. Most people seem so cold. They do not really care for anything. God help them to be, to live, to feel as I do, as I always shall."

And as a young girl she loved tempestuously without understanding. But her passions were for ideals; she adored Heaven and a white Purity, and then Asceticism called her, and Renunciation laid hold upon her eager soul. Afterwards Humanity and work for the poor touched her, and she wept over the sorrows of the sad world, giving her days to its fancied needs, her nights to dreams of a time to be.

But she ended curiously, neither becoming a nun nor a social worker, nor a hysterical patient. For it was the emotions only which were roused in her. Her intellect was steady, and at last she found her place. She went on the stage, and succeeded beyond expectation, though not without work. Into that she threw herself as eagerly as she had done as a child when believing Renunciation the end of life. Then she had distributed her dolls among her little friends, and, going away, had wept bitterly. Now she gave away her old ideals, and threw herself into the task of teaching others to feel, of touching their hearts.

And, being clever and beautiful, she made many feel, for lovers who made her suffer came about her in scores.

"I don't love anyone now. I only want to work," she cried, and she sent them away. But she was so genuinely sorry that they hardly lost hope.

"You will love some day—a nature like your's must," said one man to her. "Perhaps you may love me. I shall always keep you in sight. Perhaps—perhaps—who knows?"

The love he prophesied came, and it was a wild passion for a man much older than herself, who never even suspected the existence of her love for him. At times she was almost ready to avow it—to tell him, to write to him, careless of convention, careless of the world. But in the very height of her misery she was offered a strong part in a play. She took it, and made an unqualified success in it. She melted the house to tears, and, tearless herself, rose to the heights of passion.

"I am better," she said to herself, "much better. I must work; it is work I need now."

But it was not the work itself that relieved an overcharged mind. The cause lay deeper which made her gradually overcome her desire for returned love.

In her summer holiday, though that passion had, as she said, burnt itself out, she was curiously unequal in her moods. She sang till she burst into tears; she cried till she laughed. Her friends were getting concerned for her health, when work again gave her peace. In the late winter she broke down; her voice gave way, and then the old lover, who had told her she would some day learn to love, came back to her.

"I don't understand myself," she said. "I can't tell whether I love you, or like you, or hate you, or am indifferent. For it may be all four."

"That is love then," said he; "but you are far in advance of the due time. It is the love, the enduring love, of a real marriage."

He lost no opportunities, for he knew a little of women.

She was idle, and he filled her mind; his suppressed passion gave him an emotional nature that caught hers in a net.

"Yes, I do love you, I do love you," she said at last, and as he took her in his arms, she threw hers about his neck. She was white and red, but at last the white stayed, and he found she had fainted.

"I did it once on the stage," she told him next day as they sat alone.

"Ah, what of the stage, Lettice, now?" he asked.

"Will you want me to give it up, Harry?"

He looked at her steadily.

"I want to do the best for you, my darling. Will it hurt you to go only as a spectator?"

She caressed his hair.

"I don't think I shall ever want to go again. You see, it is a full life we want. That is all, and you give it me; for I love you."

But till she was married she would work. The marriage was for the ensuing May. Before she got an engagement her lover's life was a full one too, full of dreams, full of happiness. Her emotions ran over and lapped him in Elysium, her love seemed boundless, her sympathy perfect, her intuitions true and clear. She understood him so well.

In March she began to play her old part again. It was a sorrowful one, but full of feeling and passion. The love in it was triumphant, but unhappy even in its joy. Henry Harborough watched her play, and he was glad. She had never played so before.

"I and love have taught her. God bless her! she is a dear and great woman."

He took her home that night.

"I am very tired," she said, as she let him hold her hand. She was too tired to return his loving pressure.

"Poor child!" he answered, "I know you are. But how you

played! Oh, it is a shame to take you from it. But when we are married, then you won't need it."

He embraced her, and she lay in his arms.

From that night on she became quiet and pensive when not before an audience. Her emotions grew controllable, she was not passionate any more, but only a gentle girl who loved gently. The Southern blood that had seemed to run hotly in her veins was cooled. Only on the stage was that fire resurgent; there it blazed strangely. Henry Harborough was only content when he saw her acting, yet in the acting the other man was there.

"How do you feel for the moment when you are playing?" he asked, with a suspicion of jealousy in his tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to the man who is the lover?"

"I feel," she answered, "as I look."

"Do you mean you think you love Mr. Acton?" For that was the name of the actor.

"No, you foolish man, but George Chichester."

That was the name of the character, and Harborough felt relieved.

But she was almost cold when she bade him good-night, and he went home feeling curiously unhappy, though he believed every word she said. For now he began to see that she was very different since she had returned to the theatre.

In her mind there was a change, and she knew it. "I don't care for Harry as I thought I did. Have I made a mistake?"

When the notion first came to her she was almost ashamed; but when it returned she only felt sorry for him. And then an explanation came. Henry Harborough called at her house on Sunday.

"I am beginning to wonder if you really love me?" he said. "When I used to come you were in the hall to meet me; you wrote to me every day; you were so obviously glad when we met, and now you are cold. Lettice, what does it mean?"

She had had a hard and tiring time the day before, for they had played a *matinée*. She was no longer ashamed of herself, and no longer sorry for him.

"I can't help it," she said; "I am what I am. You must take me at that. I can't be different."

"But don't you love me, Lettice?"

And his pain was great, the ring of his voice true.

"I don't know anything," she answered pettishly, half turning away on the deep sofa. "And I can't tell you whether I do or not. We can't be different from what we are."

He rose from his chair and stood over her.

"Let me understand you, Lettice. Do you wish this marriage to take place?"

And she would not answer. He waited for a long minute, and saw she meant to give him no answer. He turned and left the room.

"You have no soul," he said as he went.

And she felt unutterably relieved. Her mind turned to the part she was playing, and she went through it mentally, thinking how she could make it better.

The next night her dismissed lover watched her from an obscure part of the house. She was great and impressive in her rôle. She had never moved him so before. He wrote to her when he reached home, imploring her to think of what she was doing, and asking her to write to him once more.

"I have nothing to say," she wrote; "I don't seem to feel or care for anything. I don't even love the stage—at least, not till I get there. I am what I am. I shall never love anyone. Try and forget me."

But in the next summer vacation, which for her lasted long, she married Acton.

"She lied to me!" said Harborough bitterly, and he tried to tear her out of his heart. But she had not lied; he did not understand her.

The first two months of her married life, which she spent in Devonshire, were absolutely happy for her. Life was new and strange, and full of new emotions. She adored her husband, and showed it plainly. She was without the discretion of knowledge, and her released temperament overflowed. Acton was glad, even though he was really fond of her, to get back to London and the work he delighted in. She acted with him again.

Within six weeks she was as cold as ice.

"Why don't you love me as you pretend to do when we're playing?" said her husband. "Why, what's wrong with you?"

And she answered him as she had replied to Harborough. "I am what I am. I can't help it. I wish you would be reasonable."

But it is hard for any man to be reasonable under the circumstances, and Acton was as impulsive as his wife had been when her emotions were dominant. He stormed and made the house unpleasant; at night they hardly spoke except on the stage. And her coldness endured and deepened day by day. It only gradually relaxed a little when she had to leave work. For in the spring a child was born.

Then she was for a time like a child herself with a new toy. New sources of feeling woke up in her; the child was an unfailing pleasure. She suckled it herself, and attended to its every need. Nothing troubled or disgusted her; the worries of maternity seemed to smooth life for her, and her husband was delighted.

"Now I understand what was wrong with her," he said to himself cheerfully. "I was a fool not to think of it before. Physiology is a curious thing."

And till she returned to work he was quite happy. For her own part, she would have been content to let the theatre go, or it seemed so; but Acton impressed on her the necessity of making as much money as they could while the chances lasted, and she gave way.

In a week he regretted it. And the nurse, too, for she had entire charge of the child. The mother hardly troubled about it. But the gain was the world's, or, at any rate, the world of the theatre.

"As an emotional actress Miss Templemore increases in power every time we see her," wrote the critics. And for once the critics were right. But she grew in power at the expense of her own soul, at the expense of a neglected child, at the expense of her husband's happiness.

For now, even in holiday-time, she hardly grew tolerant or tolerable. She was harder day by day.

"What's wrong with you?" said Acton savagely. "Can you say what you don't like, or, by heaven, can you tell me what you do like, if you like anything? What's wrong with me that I can please you no longer?"

"Oh, leave me alone!" said his wife. "I don't care what you do if you do that. I'm tired of these stupid and ridiculous scenes just because I'm not a young girl with a lot of foolish ideas. I shall be glad to get back to work again."

And, being much the stronger, she broke down Acton till he took to drinking more than sufficient for him. Then she left him, and made small objection to his keeping the child. She went to see it every month for about a year.

"I can't spare the time," she said one day when the time came for her to visit her baby, and after that she only saw the little boy at irregular intervals.

But the emotional public loved her and paid their money to see her act. She made them feel, she set their nerves tingling; old and young adored her; she was overwhelmed with letters.

She laughed with a cold contentment.

"As long as she knocks the folks in front, that's all she cares about," said Acton one night when he went in to see her act. But she held him still, and if he had doubted her virtue it would have torn his heart.

"She can't feel now," he said, and then a little light came to him as a storm of applause greeted her; "she's sold her soul to simulation."

And, "behind," her fellow-actors hated her passively or actively. She showed no jealousy either of the men or women; she was assured of her own strength; but she never praised them, never gave them a word of commendation or help, never showed any feeling for a man in distress or a woman in trouble. The accident of her own virtue grew in her to a kind of pride. In the old days she might have tripped or stumbled; but now she felt assured of herself. She was passionless and cold and calmly happy.

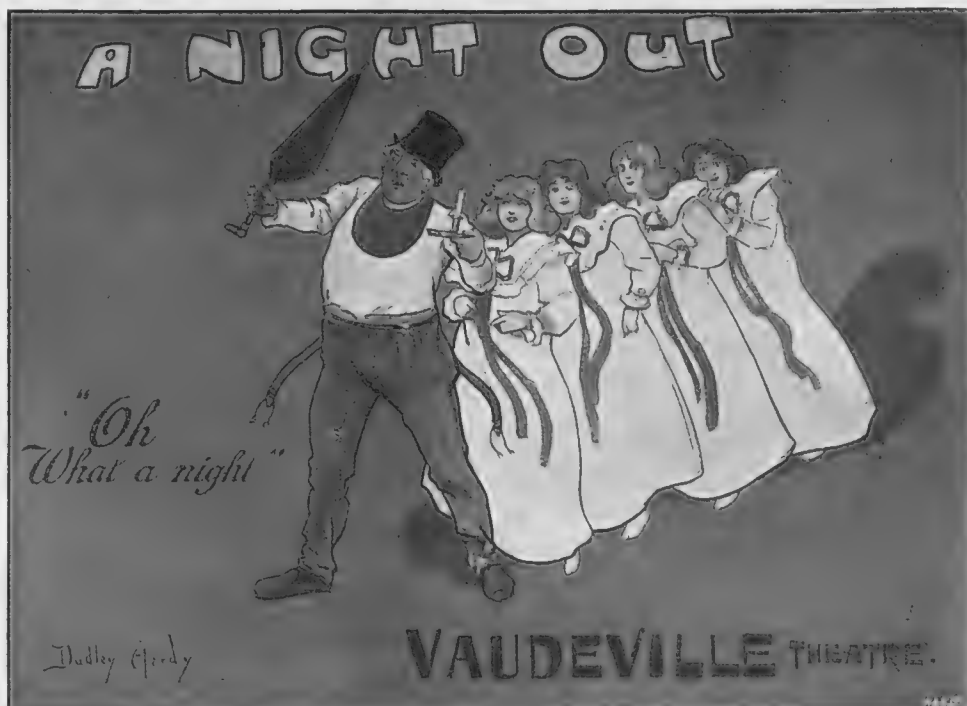
"I've grown up," she said, "and see clearly."

For now she was blind, and could only see in the glare of the footlights; the common day left her somnolent; the sun was a foolishness, her past days a darkling time of growth.

And in the fulness of time her husband went to the devil, and had

to take to the provinces, where he drank more than ever. He ended in a "fit-up" of the lowest character, and the child died in Manchester of diphtheria.

Yet Lettice Templemore felt nothing except on the stage. "As a mother, as a true-hearted woman, there is none to equal her," said



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the critics. But the constant simulation of emotion had robbed her of her very soul; she was only a canvas, a lay-figure, a thing, as regards life. Her heart was absorbed in imagination; she was only good in her dreams.

"I have succeeded," said she, but others knew better.

Among these others was Henry Harborough, who was at last happily married.

"Yes, I did love before," he told his wife, "and one day I'll show her to you, if you like. She hadn't a soul."

He was wrong, for she had a soul once. But she wasn't strong enough to live and to act as well.

THE PROGRESS OF THE POSTER.

The English poster makes visible progress. Here are two excellent samples of the art. Mr. Dudley Hardy has been unusually successful with "A Night Out," introducing white with advantage. Mr. Hassall in his "Little Genius" has, on the other hand, sought to make the most of black, the figures of the Little Genius herself and the man at the piano being sable against a red floor, with small patches of white for the ladies in the background. But the poster is too crowded to be wholly effective. America still leads the way, however, so far as poster-collecting goes. The other week seven thousand five hundred posters were exhibited in New York, representing theatres, circuses, patent medicines, book-covers, and illustrations from current publications, announcing as many features of a universal fair and continuous extravaganza of one hundred years' duration. It was the centennial exhibition in celebration of the invention of the art of lithography by Aloys Senefelder. The proceeds go toward a fund being raised to erect a Senefelder memorial—a home for needy lithographers, if the amount will permit, or else a monument. The first theatrical poster used in America represented Buckley's New Orleans Serenaders, a minstrel troupe. The date of this was 1846, and there was a fantastic circus poster made in the same year. A whole literature has recently sprung up in America on poster art, and some very amusing verse has been written on the subject. One recent rhymist sings the song of the "poster tragedy," in which he says—

A purple moment of blue bliss was mine, oh, green-haired maid, when from your lips a yellow kiss I sipped in the dark-red shade. The écarlate moon hung on a tree; we sat by a vertical brook; you were a-laughing in olive-pink glee, and reading the edge of a book. And I was singing a lavender song, speckled and mingled with blue, but I stopped for a moment—perhaps not so long—and kissed you: I took, perhaps, two.



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SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

By the time these notes are in print I hope to be nearing Nova Scotia, whither business and other matters necessitate my going. During this three months' tour in Canada and in Western America I shall take particular notice of the improvements made in Canadian and in American cycles since last year, at which time the "rational" costume of the San Francisco cycling Venus was a thing of beauty unadorned. Inventions of all sorts generally undergo such striking changes in America within a period of eighteen months or so that I look forward, on my return from the United States, to giving readers of *The Sketch* a considerable amount of useful as well as interesting information concerning these foreign cycles.

Last week I noticed in Liverpool a strangely constructed bicycle which stands of its own accord. The rider has merely to release a button and an upright drops at a tangent and supports the machine in a slightly slanting position. Meanwhile the rider remains calmly seated in his saddle. When ready to proceed he presses upon the right pedal and the upright is raised automatically to a horizontal position.

A race between a bicycle and a locomotive steam-engine is to be organised in England shortly. The track has not yet been decided upon, but I am told that the race will be five miles in length, and that the bicycle will be given a flying start. It is said that the bicyclist and the engine-driver have been backed to win considerable sums of money by their respective partisans.

I have heard of nervous ladies, when learning to skate, padding certain prominent joints with cotton-wool, in order to mitigate a too sudden contact with hard ice; but it has been reserved for an ingenious croupier at Monte Carlo to patent an invention which he calls a "leg-cushion." This is, in fact, a pneumatic stocking, made of silk and elastic, reaching from the knee to the ankle, which, when inflated, will not only protect the wearer from abrasions should he fall from his machine, but will also supply any deficiency in the form of the natural calf. Many years ago, *Punch* had a picture of the coster's donkey scenting hay within the footman's silken hose as he stood on the footboard behind the ducal chariot; so we may see in the future the irrepressible street-urchin testing with a pin whether the cyclist's calves are real or pneumatic. But, if the croupier's invention is to be taken *au sérieux*, I much fear that air-tight stockings would prove anything but healthy garments, and I cannot, for sanitary reasons, recommend their use.

This is the latest thing in riding rhymes—need I say it is American?

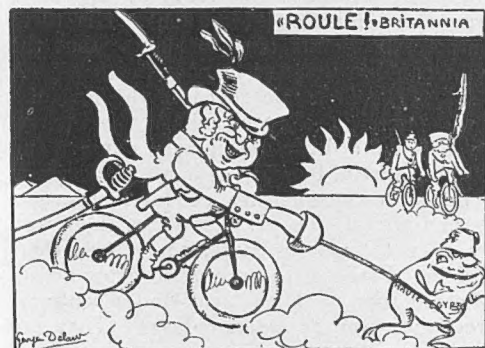
Mary had a little bike,
All painted white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The bike was sure to go.
It went with her to shop one day,
And she left it by the curb,
While she went shopping an hour or so:
Now was not that absurd?
And then, when homeward bound,
Her bike itself could not be found.
O, dear me! she swore, by gar!
Riding home in a cable car.

Is there any spot in the civilised or uncivilised world where the ubiquitous wheel is not? Mr. Jefferson has been cycling through the wilds of Siberia, where, among other strange things, he experienced the sensation of being pursued by wolves. Japan has caught the prevailing epidemic, and the Ameer of Afghanistan and the ladies of his Court have taken to bicycling. But surely the climax is reached when

we are told that a North American Indian chief, Little Black Bear by name, has recently purchased a bicycle. Just picture to yourself Hiawatha riding home with Minnehaha on "a bicycle made for two"!

Here is an example of the cycle being introduced in the political cartoon.

There seems to be a general idea that both French and American ladies ride better and

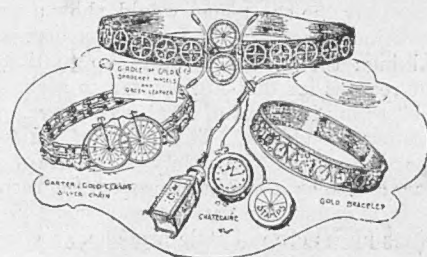


Reproduced from "La Bicyclette."

more gracefully than our English sisters, sweethearts, and wives; but why should this be? It seems that we must blame the English makers. The English bicycle is, as a rule, much too heavy, and the saddle is placed too far back. If it were nearer the handle-bar and more directly over the pedals, how much more gracefully a woman could sit, instead of looking, as she so often does, as if she were falling backwards over her machine! The lighter the machine, the greater the ease and comfort to the rider. This is a suggestion of Mrs. Madeline Kilpatrick, who is considered one of the cleverest trick-riders in the world. I may mention that the lightest bicycle in the world weighs about ten pounds. It is ridden by little Jack Stanger, of Spitalfields, whose age is four years and eight months. This plucky little fellow raced the other day with Bliss, the great heavy-weight, who

has come over from America. The race took place at Stamford Hill, and resulted in a dead-heat. This "mighty atom" began to ride when he was only two years and nine months old.

I recently referred to the use the cycle was being put to by jewellery manufacturers in Germany, and now I note that America has taken up the craze. I learn, too, that a code of signals has been evolved with various coloured enamelled "bikes," which are worn in miniature as scarf-pins. A "bike" pin set off with purple enamel is nothing short of a downright proposal, for purple is the royal colour, and the meaning thereof is "You are my queen." If the rim is yellow, the meaning is "*Au revoir*." I'm off for a voyage." A small "bike" for a solitary individual means "I intend to remain a bachelor"; a two-inch tandem, "We are only flirting"; a duplex machine, "I'm matrimonially inclined"; a line of four or five tiny "scorchers," "You are a flirt"; while the presentation of an old-fashioned tricycle is intended to intimate that the receiver is considered *passée*—"out of the running," to speak after the manner of the wheelman. But the wheelman's interest in bicycle jewellery undoubtedly centres in the bicycle engagement-bracelet. There are several unique designs now in the market, of which the most fetching is unquestionably the wheel-link bracelet. This is made of a series of tiny bicycle-wheels, linked together with precious stones, and clasped with a miniature lantern, of which the light is a glistening gem. An entire girdle is sometimes made of these tiny wheels, and, as a rule, the rims are profusely enamelled and the hub is a single jewel. Wheels in coloured enamels are also used for link cuff-buttons, while a larger wheel, say about two inches in diameter, is converted into a watch chataleine. The watch is suspended from the clasp by a couple of enamelled handle-bars, and the watch itself in some instances has the appearance of a fairy "bike." A bicycle-clock may be seen on the wheelwoman's dressing-table, and a bicycle paper-weight is found in her desk. Her beautiful ivory toilet-set has a silver wheel on the back of each piece in place of the customary monogram, and her stationery is stamped with a tiny machine in her club colours.



A BICYCLE RACE TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

We were all reading for different professions at "Joe's" in the ancient town of Bath in the year '69. F., H., and I, though with totally different aspirations—which, however, eventually took us all to the East—were just then unanimous in our appreciation of the newly introduced bicycle. An enterprising speculator had just opened a school in the corridor, and had some ten or fifteen machines on hire. These we used to ride round and round the room long after we had become fairly expert, as we preferred the smooth floor to the cobbles of the streets.

There were no rubber tyres in those days; the wheels were of wood tyred with iron; the backbone was a solid bar which projected in front of the head in the form of a ram, intended as a leg-rest, but acting more frequently as a leg-trap, which generally caught you against the front wheel when you came over. The weight of these machines must have been sixty or seventy pounds, and that is why the favourite was a thirty-six inch wheel—the others running to forty-eight inches. On this wheel a daring youth rode all the way to Bristol (twelve miles) in one day, and "Jameson's Ride" was the record for some time.

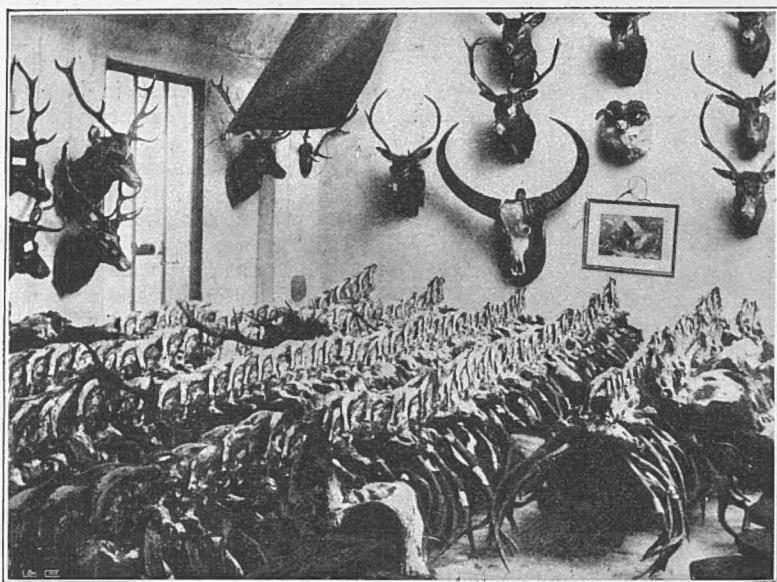
Some months after the school had been started, the manager announced a bicycle handicap, to be run on the road a little way out of Bath. The handicapping was on a novel principle, the best men being classed for the first race, moderates for a second cup, and novices for a third. As we three happened to represent all these classes, there was obviously a chance of our bringing all the cups home. On the appointed day we found a very small crowd waiting for the races, probably not thirty people. The first race was to start from the top of a rise some quarter of a mile from the winning-post, riders to mount at the signal without assistance, lots having been drawn for choice of machines.

The first and second races were hollow affairs. The third was destined to make up in excitement for the lack of it in the others. The distance for the novices' race was reduced to—I really believe—something like an hundred yards, and this was the only race where the Town had any chance against the School; moreover, there were only some dozen school-boys present to back their man, while the Town had double that number. The start was an excellent one, and H., our representative, led. There was a lot of cheering as they neared the post with nothing between them, and a perfect yell when the Town boy shot a foot ahead with a very suspicious jerk just as they passed the post. To our astonishment, H. promptly jumped off his machine and knocked the other competitor into the ditch, machine and all, and it was only when the consequent hubbub had partially subsided that we discovered that the cause of the final winning spurt was a shove behind, given by his over-zealous backers. The judge gave it a dead-heat, and ordered the race to be run again, this time with the crowd standing back, with the result that H. won by ten yards or so. Thus ended on Nov. 24, 1869, the first bicycle race in that district.

THE HIGHLAND STALKING SEASON OF 1896.

The most enthusiastic Gael who pens home-sick wails can scarcely contend that his native Highlands are the driest spot on earth. And this summer the North has been more a land of flood than mountain; the mountains, in fact, put in only an occasional appearance. The usual Highland gatherings had a disastrous time of it, and, of course, the grouse-shooter and deer-stalker had no cause to rejoice over their good luck as regards weather. The rain of August and September, indeed, has been almost unprecedented, and but for the winds which prevailed, I dare say the sportsman would show a poor-enough bag. Despite the conditions, however, the season has been an extraordinarily good one for stalking: the record is quite up to that of the famous year of 1893. The reasons for this are not far to seek. The winter was exceptionally mild, as mild as that of 1894 was severe. Grass was, all the summer, in excellent condition. This state of things gave the forest a chance of recovering from the effects of the heavy shooting during the previous years; and, as it has been proved, the recovery has been satisfactory.

It is one of the curiosities of sport in the Highlands that every year brings up its crop of stale problems. One heard this summer rumours that antlers of the red deer are not what they used to be. Anyone



AN INVERNESS TAXIDERMIST'S STORE-ROOM.

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with a smattering of knowledge of the subject can understand how easy it is to support such a statement with a show of specious argument. On the face of the case, and considering the English park deer, and sometimes German deer, which are introduced to strengthen the native breed, one would say that a downward tendency had set in; that the Highland sport was doomed. But the Celtic or other gloom does not so easily fall upon those who see the real state of matters. This autumn I have examined considerably over a thousand heads, and not a trace of degeneration can one see in the horns. The mixture of alien blood has not in the least destroyed the essential characteristics of the horns, which are still as Highland as the tartan. It is, of course, not an easy matter to institute comparisons, but the point-values during a period of years afford one method of deciding this question of supposed degeneration. The following figures, supplied by the leading taxidermist in the Highlands, should prove of value: 1893 was considered up to this year a record one. How does it stand beside '96? In 1893 the taxidermist referred to, out of the first five hundred heads received for preservation, had 33 six-pointers, 23 seven, 79 eight, 62 nine, 97 ten, 70 eleven, 71 twelve, 13 thirteen, 2 fourteen, 2 fifteen, 1 sixteen, and 1 twenty-pointer. This year the same firm received in the first five hundred 34 six-pointers, 28 seven, 83 eight, 73 nine, 111 ten, 70 eleven, 64 twelve, 18 thirteen, and 5 fourteen-pointers. These figures, surely, are not such as to give rise to pessimism, and yet there are those who hang their heads.

Strangely enough, the southern counties have scarcely done so well this year as the more northerly. Aberdeenshire sportsmen have fared badly. All over the Highlands this season sport closed somewhat earlier than usual; but it says something for the briskness with which it was carried on that the results have been so satisfactory. Some figures may be not uninteresting in this connection. They are by no means exhaustive, but they convey some idea of the stalking that has been done. Lord Tweedmouth and party at Guisachan have perhaps had the record bag of the season—over 130 stags. Lord Burton's return at Glenquoich was 118 splendid stags. Kildermorie yielded Mr. Frederick Shoolbred 86 stags; the average of these being two stone heavier than last year—where is the degeneration theory? Mr. Shoolbred has this year had a record in shooting, grassing nineteen stags with twenty shots. At Gaick, Mr. Robert Hargreaves and party got 60 stags to their rifles; Mr. J. C. Williams had 92 at Strathvoich, though he finished stalking by the end of September; in Strathconan Mr. R. H. Combe and party had 63; and at Lochrosque Mr. Arthur Bignold and party grassed 66. Worth noting is the somewhat remarkable four days' stalking of Sir Henry Bruce Meux and party on the Alladale Forest. For that time their bag was 30 stags, and for the week 36.

J. M.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

None of Mr. Barrie's other work can have prepared his readers for "Sentimental Tommy" (Cassell). It is new in style and new in matter. Possibly the novelty may disappoint some of his admirers, but not with very good reason. Of course, on the small canvas he used in "A Window in Thrums" it was far more possible to reach perfection. From that he eliminated everything he did not wholly understand and clearly perceive. Here he is working in a much wider field; he is trying new experiments; dealing with many more varieties of humankind. He is also facing human life far more boldly. There are all the more pitfalls and opportunities of weakness. It is much less perfect than "A Window in Thrums," but it gives me far larger expectations from Mr. Barrie's powers. He cannot keep away from Thrums; but, then, why should he, now that he has made Thrums a much bigger place—big enough, indeed, to provide all the human types a novelist has any use for? I do not think he is successful with all the new characters and circumstances he brings into play; but his main purpose—to show the development of a boy of genius—is carried out with a degree of success which cannot be overestimated. Tommy is alive now in the world of boys and artists. Perhaps that is the most marvellous thing about him, that he is a real human boy, who must by his pranks, his mischief, his spirit, appeal to boys and to boys' friends, and that, at the same time, he is exhibiting all the unmistakable signs of the growing artistic genius—the self-consciousness, the charm, the vanity, the delight in the imaginative life. The little artist, the embryo poet, has often been described in books. He sits apart and dreams while the other boys are at play; he writes tragedies; his favourite seat is on the steps of a library ladder. Tommy is not made after that pattern, being intensely sociable, active-bodied, and detesting all books save those that contain vivid romances. But by his power of simulating the experiences of others to the length of self-deception, by his passionate desire to make life a game, by his being a score of boys instead of only Tommy, he is stamped as the born artist. And as his biographer is a born artist, too, he contrives to make him a quite probable product of a London slum and of Thrums. Strangely enough, the one character we do not find Tommy simulating is a pious adherent of the Auld Lights. "The Little Minister" is not given a brilliant part to play in the new story. Readers of Mr. Dishart's life will be interested to hear further of the marriage which some of them did not agree with Mr. Barrie in considering very promising.

The authoress of "In a North Country Village" and "The Story of Dan" is maturing gradually and quite surely. She shows a grip of things in her new book that she has never shown hitherto. "Among the Untrodden Ways" (Blackwood) contains sketches and stories of humble Lancashire country life. As stories they are very good. One or two, somewhat after the Mary Wilkins pattern, are, just for the incidents they narrate, both touching and amusing. They have also a rarer distinction than that. Mrs. Blundell writes of humble life from the affectionate and sympathetic standpoint; but that attitude has generally found unfortunate expression in fiction. It has tended to a weak slurring of the roughnesses, to apology, to sentimentality. It is very rare indeed to find, save in writers who frankly paint the life of the poor from the comic side, a broad, tolerant, humorous acceptance of the standards, the habits, the traditions of a rougher and ruder class, and a robust and wholesome judgment of them according to these standards and general habits. It is very rare indeed in modern English fiction of the domestic order, and perhaps I am not wrong in thinking that Mrs. Blundell owes her healthy, hearty outlook on humble folks' concerns to the fact that she is Irish.

These two books deal with life very directly. So would Mr. Wedmore have us believe does his "Orgeas and Miradou" (Bowden). His three stories have one common purpose, he points out—to show "that the deepest need of nearly every human life is, still, human affection." A very human motive for a book. The first tale concerns the love of a lonely Provençal father for his daughter; the second tells of the interest a distinguished Academician took in a little music-hall dancer and singer; and the third describes the wistful longings of a rather successful but solitary poet after the human companionship of lovers, parents and children, and husbands and wives. They are each in their way pathetic enough. Why they do not touch us more, considering their subjects, is not so easy to explain. Perhaps they are a little too artful. Not that they have any air of elaboration on the surface. On the contrary, they are very simple, condescending even to colloquialisms. They are a great deal too simple. Their simplicity has a very sophisticated air, as if it had been endlessly schooled to its part. There is great refinement, there is great gentleness in them. Much of the writing is charming. But they are a trifle too ladylike. Mr. Wedmore has a way of writing of women as if he were the grandmother of them all.

Let me recommend, to the bored and the sleepless and the problem-racked, a pretty collection of stories huddled together under the name of "Revenge" (Chatto). Mr. Robert Barr is the author. His ingenuity in inventing horrors of every complexion that could be credited to the desperate motive announced in the title, is altogether remarkable. There are so many of them, and they are all so gruesome, that perhaps they counteract each other somewhat, for I rose from a perusal of a volume where murder and dynamite explosions and hanging were commonplace occurrences, really exhilarated. There is no bungling throughout the collection; they are all clever stories.

O. O.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE TIMES AND THE MANNERS.

Just—and only just—as we have got comfortably accustomed to wearing our hair loosely waved over the ears on this side of the Channel, an edict comes from Paris that our long locks are to be once more gathered tightly into coils that describe nothing more or less than a top-knot, and this, furthermore, is to fit quite up under the hat! Such revolutions



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ERMINES AND MONKEY FUR.

generally begin in a cause to precede the effect. Nor had I long to seek in discovering that a certain well-known beauty, having practically had her hair nearly waved away by daily evolutions of curling-tongs into the thinnest of thin survivals, interviewed forthwith a great hairdresser, and to such extravagant purpose that he succumbed to the sorcery of her cheques, and declared wavy hair *demodé*. This is a trial. All the greater, too, that we find ourselves at last suited by the present style, after long and slowly withdrawn opposition. But experience surely teaches that fashion is not to be flouted, and, making due allowance for the time necessarily devoted to this heartrending separation from the "irons," we shall shortly arrive, no doubt, at this flat and unbeautiful mode—which, however hygienic from the hirsute point of view, will be decidedly most disillusioning from the æsthetic.

Another freak of the present furry season is the introduction of monkey fur as a high novelty of the winter. Not that particular tribe of the animal quadrumanous which we are accustomed to see aloft on barrel-organs, be it understood, but the rough, black-haired monkey-skin of South African forests. One cape which I have seen of it was remarkably smart, and is reproduced in one of this week's sketches. It is long and made with godets at back, but flat in front and sides; opening over bands of ermine, which make such becoming cause with the complexion when used sparingly on winter garments. The high collar, cut into three parts and split up at the sides, is also of ermine. On the inner sides large bows of black taffetas are placed, and flounces of the same material edge the ermine lapels in front.

For the very fashionable colour red I can describe a model of the neatest possible tailor-made costume, which consists of a black cloth bolero and a skirt of cardinal face cloth. Each seam is trimmed with three rows of narrow black braid, sewn closely together, with small, flat buttons of polished steel at the ends. The bodice of black cloth fits tightly under the bolero, which is frogged and set forth with steel buttons. Cardinal lapels are added, and a vest to match is let into bodice, which is also fastened with steel buttons. The new clerical linen collar is tied with a cardinal silk stock, and narrow sleeves of black

have mousquetaire cuffs of red, strapped with braid and finished with the buttons. The original is a *Doucet* frock, which was successfully sported at Northampton Races on Thursday. A disappointing occasion for me, nevertheless, seeing that I had pinned my faith and some pennies on the ill-advised Faute de Mieux, who was sailing gaily home to apparent victory in the Naseby Handicap when a ridiculous dog ran before him and spoiled his chances.

The season for "little dinners and the play to follow" has set in hard, and theatre-parties, with the indispensable other function in front, grow in favour and fashion. Making one of a party of six at the Princes' Restaurant some nights since, I had quite a treat in the survey of surrounding frocks during the pauses of our epicurean feast. For they can cook at the Princes'. One pretty girl who sat close to our table was the sister of an Attaché at the Spanish Embassy, and frocked in the very last of Paris. Her white accordion "sun-pleated" mousseline de soie over yellow silk had inlaid vine-leaves of pale green, embroidered in gold and silver, and the skirt was edged with green ribbon to match. The bodice of white mousseline had a drapery of amber satin, which passed under the arms and fastened up the centre of back. This butterfly effect was so well carried out that no description can quite convey its *chic*. Princess Cirié Briakoff was dining there also on the same evening. Her curious cloak of white satin, with a yoke of green velvet and sable trimmings, was shaped in most uncommon fashion, somewhat like those Breton or Norman cloaks worn by the good peasants *outré mer*. Afterwards we went on to see "A Night Out," the most appropriate possible wind-up to a good dinner, and laughed until the tears came at its quaint absurdities. Sir Francis Jeune, in the first row with some other learned benchers, must have felt that he was most appropriately on the spot.

To be quite in the last cry with one's evening-gowns it is now necessary to have at least one frock owning a right and left sleeve of different materials. Naturally, the notion is one to be carefully carried out, else instead of perfection one may only arrive at patchiness. Meanwhile, this description of a new gown, which a country cousin is having



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ERMINES AND GREEN CLOTH.

made by the indubitable Madame Oliver Holmes, to figure at some forthcoming hunt-ball, promises to be found extremely alluring. The material is cream brocade, printed with designs of lilac and forget-me-nots in natural colours, this mixture of blue and mauve being very much in modish favour at the moment. Its skirt is made with apron and side-panels, which latter are fastened by bunches of lilac and forget-me-nots at both sides. A draped bodice, with the silk crossed in front, is prettily softened by narrow ruchings of white ostrich feathers. One sleeve,

the left, is of the same stuff as skirt, while the other is formed by successive wreaths of lilac and forget-me-nots, reaching halfway to the elbow. To wind up my series of this week's fashions, next comes a green cloth and ermine costume, just made for a forthcoming bride by one of the notable French modistes. A skirt, treated with the now inevitable apron, is made tight-fitting in front and sides, with three small pleats down the back. Very lovely shamrock-pattern passementerie of moss-green chenille is laid over each seam. The smart little jacket, tight-fitting at back, has its seams treated in the same manner as skirt. Large lapels in front, trimmed with ermine, open on a waistcoat which is of green cloth also. The high, scalloped collar is ermine on both sides, and can be raised or lowered at will. Shot white and mauve silk lines skirt and jacket, the sleeves of which are crenulated in newest fashion and moderate in size.

Apropos of nothing, there is an uncomfortable rumour that chocolate is to supersede our cherished Chinese tea for five o'clock functions, owing to the present devastated state of feminine nerves. Not that I believe our afternoon consumption of tea has much to do with the well-developed neurosis of our century end. Still, it is a peg to hang an ailment on, and I for one would willingly subscribe to the gentler beverage which fashionable physicians are hinting to their highly wrought patients. I wonder, by the way, that Chocolat Suchard is not a greater vogue in this country. It can only be because it is less well known than it deserves. Abroad, where one admittedly gets coffee and chocolate in a state of perfection, which is the inverse ratio of their tea, Suchard chocolate is very generally used. Its flavour is delicious, and when properly made and whisked up into light froth, the classic "cup that cheers" has a very serious rival in this delicately fragrant Suchard. Simplicity, meanwhile, is the keynote in the preparation of all chocolate. Given a spotless saucepan in which to melt it with a little milk and water (not one or the other solus), keep it stirred, and when the odd ounce which a breakfast-cup requires is dissolved, boil for seven or eight minutes, not more, and when frothed up it is ready for use.

Our last new excitement of these dull November days is the newly opened Princes' Skating Club at Knightsbridge. Its opening function on Saturday was an extremely smart occasion, and one that naturally bristled with fetching frocks. All the world that is of the world was advisedly present, and the Committee list is one that guarantees no admission of outsiders. The tri-weekly evening meets will provide excellent employment for those otherwise socially unemployed on these nights, and in the matter of comfortable seats the matrons will find nothing to complain of. A hat built by Carlior, of Paris, which I saw there on Saturday was so pretty that I am tempted to repeat it. The crown, of turquoise velvet, wide at the top, was covered with a lace design in fine needlepoint; and the brim was of wide braid spangled with gold and silver, further enriched with large, uncut turquoises. A white brush-aigrette stood up at one side, the hat being cut away at back to make way for the hair, which was worn in the new way, twisted quite high. Its wearer furthermore confided to me that she had the joy of knowing that one exactly like it had been sent to the Empress of Russia.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

BANK-NOTE (Evesham).—I should apportion the expense—so much for frocks, mantles, lingerie, hats, &c. Unless you do so the temptation to spend more on one garment than your bank-note will reach to may leave missing links in the trousseau. Graham, of Mount Street, is excellent for all sorts of lingerie. I should go to Humble for your best gowns. Peter Robinson is famous for smart blouses, and as to hats—well, I always believe in buying what suits one wherever one meets it—a rule that absolutely applies to millinery. No trouble.—SYBIL.

"DONNA DIANA'S" DRESSES.

When the three suitors for her hand were introduced to her presence, Donna Diana was seated with her ladies, a graceful figure in a robe of vividly beautiful green, brocaded with a design of ribbon which meandered through clusters of flowers. On the square-cut bodice and the slashed sleeves bands of plain satin embroidered with glittering sequins were introduced, while a long, jewelled girdle and a jewelled clasp to catch up the skirt at the left side completed her costume.

Her hair, of deepest Titian red, hung far below her waist, and was held midway in a circlet of gold, and, altogether, she made such a charming picture that you could well understand the infatuation of the Princes, especially when you remember that the Donna Diana of the occasion was Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

As to those same attendant ladies, one was pretty Miss Mabel Beardsley, who looked charming in pale-blue brocade and yellow satin, the chemisette of drawn white chiffon leaving her rounded shoulders quite bare, while her fair hair was confined by a pearl net. Miss Irene Vanbrugh made the most piquant of maids, first in a demure gown of fawn-coloured cloth, and then in a brilliant scarlet costume, the tabbed bodice piped with black and the sleeves slashed with white. A scarlet cap was perched coquettishly on her black hair, and one red rose peeped out from behind her ear.

But she always looks bewitching, whether it be as a maid of the olden times or the most up-to-date, cigarette-smoking, modern girl.

In the next and the brightest scene of the play, Donna Diana wore a wonderful gown of pale-blue silk, falling in full folds which distinctly suggested accordi6n-pleating, though perhaps in the days of "Barcelona's Independency" they had some other name for the process. However, the effect was charming, and, moreover, the robe was bordered with a line of gold. The bodice was all wrought with jewelled embroidery, and across

the front came a draped band of golden tissue, the same shining fabric girdling the waist and falling in long, knotted ends far down the skirt.

And over this came a cloak-like drapery of grass-green silk, edged with gold; while this, in its turn, was covered with a shimmering tissue of beetle's wing hue, which had an indescribably beautiful effect. You can see the form and fashion of the gown from our sketch; but the beauty of the colouring required to be seen to be appreciated, as, in the graceful movements of the dance, that wonderful drapery took upon itself fresh depths of green and gold and black with every movement.

Miss Mabel Beardsley wore pale pink in this same act, and Miss Scott Dagmar was gowned in pale yellow.

After the stately movements of this dance, in which they all took part, came the wild grace of the "cachuca," with its quartette of short-skirted girls, their long, dusky hair unbound; and for background there



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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS DONNA DIANA.

were walls hung with old tapestry, and a raised throne-like chair, where soon after Donna Diana took her place and received the Knights of the Masque and their chosen ladies.

Last of all she appeared in an under-dress of cloth of silver, made in Princess fashion, and with a girdle of beaten silver, set with emeralds and turquoises, fastened loosely round the waist. Its glory was softened by loose draperies and floating sleeves of white lisse, and silver shoes peeped out from beneath the long skirt. Altogether, Miss Vanbrugh was very happy in her choice of gowns, and her Donna Diana remains a fascinating memory.

On the first of her two appearances at the Prince of Wales's, Mrs. Bancroft was a notable figure in a central box, her gown of bright scarlet and her fur-lined cloak looking delightfully cosy. Next to her was Mrs. Clement Scott, as smart as usual, in a dark gown with a touch of sable and old lace at the throat, and a big black hat with a gracefully curved Paradise osprey.

Miss Beatrice Ferrar was in green, her brown hat bedecked with a pleated ruche of green ribbon, and her beautiful auburn hair dressed in a grown-up fashion, to which it took some time to get used, for she has worn it hanging loose in all the pieces in which she has appeared lately.

Apropos of theatrical celebrities, I saw Miss Cissie Loftus the other night—or, to give her correct name, Mrs. Justin Huntly MacCarthy—looking lovely in a gown of pale-blue satin, the bodice a foam of chiffon in an equally delicate shade, while bunches of dark violets nestled in the corsage and on the shoulders. The dignity of wifehood sits very lightly upon her, but it has given a sweet gravity to her young face, which makes her doubly fascinating.

FLORENCE.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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